THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY:

A Family Journal of News, Tales, History, Art, &c.

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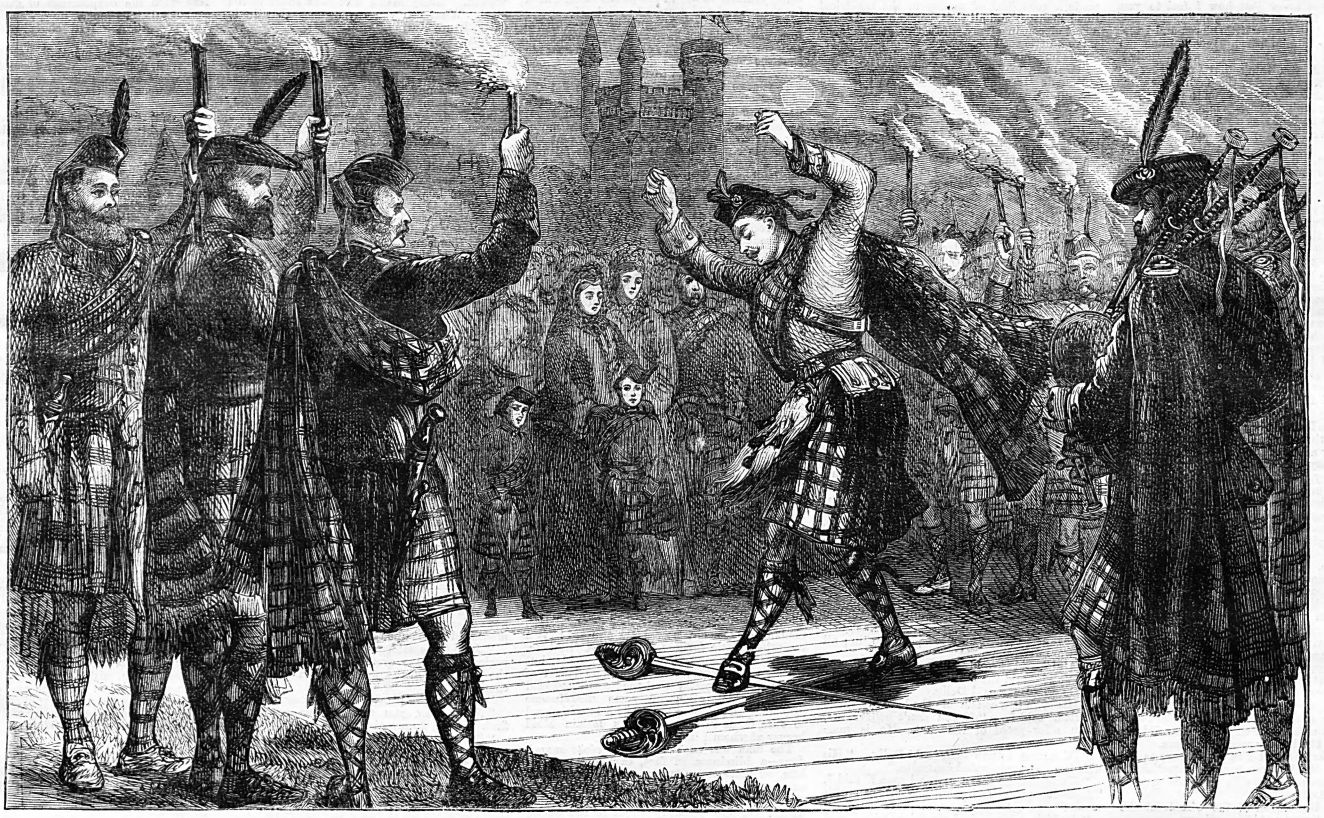
Torch-Light Fete at Balmoral.

Her Majesty the Queen, ever since her first visit to Scotland in 1842, has exhibited a warm admiration of Highland scenery and the Highland character. The descriptive touches and sketches in her published "Journal," the evident delight she takes in making long stays at Deeside twice a year, and the kindly interest she feels in the family affairs of her Highland servants—all these are so many signs that the heart of the Queen is strongly knit to the country of the Gael. The romantic history of the mountain land, the chivalry of the chiefs, the courage of the clans in old times, and the picturesqueness of their plaided and plumed "tartan array," have no doubt helped to create and deepen an attachment which the Highlanders warmly reciprocate. One of the finest testimonies to the kindly feeling and gracious disposition of her Majesty is to be found in the fact that, within these realms, she has no more loyal subjects than the descendants of the men who shed their blood in the cause of the House of Stuart.

In the Deeside district, where the noble mansion of Balmoral is situated, the Queen has won all hearts by her condescending kindness in visiting the sick and infirm among the cottagers in the neighbourhood, and also by the pleasure she takes in witnessing the celebration of old customs and pastimes. On the occasion of the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday, there is nothing pleases the Highlanders so much as a spell at their national dances by torch-light or bonfire-light on the lawn in front of the Royal residence. The highland fling and *ghillie-callum*, or the sword dance, are the favourites, and the stalwart Donalds and Murdochs, inspired by the music of the resounding pipes, snap their uplifted fingers like castanets as the red light falls on their leaping limbs, plaids, and philabegs. It is one of these picturesque night-fêtes, that have often delighted the eyes of the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, which our artist has depicted in the accompanying illustration.



TORCH-LIGHT FETE AT BALMORAL.

Hunting in a Gorge.

There are some kinds of hunting, into which the element of danger enters so largely that to ordinary mortals they may seem to lie beyond the pale of what is commonly called sports. And yet adventurous spirits take delight in dallying with danger; it is the risk they run in spearing a bear, in aiming at a tiger prepared to spring, or in following the chamois along slippery ledges, that gives zest to the chase in the forest, the jungle, or the wild ravine. In our illustration with the title as given above, we see the hunters in the Hartz mountains, who are swung down by means of ropes to the bottom of deep gorges, displaying an amount of intrepidity in perilous circumstances which show that they do not know the meaning of fear. The hunter who is in the act of descending, with the roaring torrent foaming under his feet, is steering himself clear of the jutting rocks and tree tops with as much coolness as if he were oaring a wherry in a quiet stream. The long pole, with the two prongs, one perpendicular and the other horizontal, does duty in the hands of the Hartz hunters, both when they are descending into the wild chasms on their rope-swings, and when they are climbing the rugged sides of ravines where hardy pine-trees plant their firm feet.

The Cushion-Nest.

The plump baby—who, though small, forms a prominent figure in our picture of domestic life in this number—has been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Pillowed on a soft cushion which, in turn, rests on a soft lap, Master Freddy is perfectly happy, and is quite pleased with his sister whose hand is propping his curly head. The little fellow is pushing out his fingers and kicking up his toes as if anxious already to begin feeling his way in the world. All his surroundings indicate that he has every prospect of being tenderly nurtured, and that life will be smoother for him than for the poor children, born in smoky cabins, who are often left to sprawl by themselves on the hard floor for hours. The sister, whose cheek he is trying to reach with his fat little fingers, is evidently quite delighted with her baby brother, and is trying to interpret the meaning of the gurgling sounds that we may fancy issuing from his mouth. Pleasant scenes of a domestic nature, whether the interior represented be that of a palace or a humble farm-labourer's cottage, possess attractions which only the debased can fail to appreciate.

Von Moltke on his Feet.

In the engraving on our last page Count Moltke is depicted addressing the German Parliament, and the subject of his speech is certain to be the necessity of maintaining the military organisation of the country in full strength and efficiency. Though not endowed with gifts of eloquence, he is evidently speaking plainly, directly and bluntly to the point, as he is being listened to with the earnest attention which his distinguished services to Germany deserve. Prominent among the members may be recognised the familiar strongly-marked features and massive head of Prince Bismarck. The members of the German Parliament, as here presented before us, are grave, thoughtful, earnest-looking men; and it would be difficult, we should imagine, to match them in sagacity of appearance by a similar number of members selected from the French Assembly.

Parisian Life.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* was rich in sketches of Parisian life the other day. It recorded the arrest of an old nobleman, Comte de G——, who suffers from kleptomania. He was caught stealing some cakes of soap, and his apartment was found stored with the fruits of his petty larcenies, sufficient to have set him up in the perfumery business. He is very old and very rich; but he must be restricted in his monomania. The police also arrested a hackney coachman, who had taken a fare from the Orleans railway station. The Jehu suspected that his fare's bag contained money, so he murdered her, and with the proceeds of the bag set himself up in business on his own account. He had, however, foolishly quarrelled with his mistress, who denounced him to the police. But the gem in the journal was a letter from Madame Georges Lambert to her husband, a retired grocer:

"My Husband,—In looking over an old almanack I came upon this passage, 'Ill favoured by nature, he who is born in the month of August will be badly built, of hideous ugliness, and devoid of all wit or intelligence. He will be utterly null, and will succeed in nothing; he will be enticed into taking shares in all kinds of spurious speculations, and he will be much given to dominoes and fishing for gudgeons; he will subscribe to the *Constitutionnel*, he will be a corporal of the National Guard, and will pass his evenings at the Odéon.' My Husband,—You first saw the light in August, and you were born to justify all these predictions; you will therefore understand why I have run away from you. I have been carried off by my lover. Amuse yourself by yourself, if you can; and if you can't, at least let me alone,—Your spouse, PULCHERIE."

M. Lambert sued his wife and her lover for infraction of the marriage law, a crime of which the law takes severe cognisance. The young couple were dressed extravagantly, and had just returned from Nice to be condemned severally to three months' imprisonment and 100 francs fine.

An Accomplished Burglar.

It is impossible to read the history of the man Offord, who, the other day, after committing a burglary, attempted to murder a police constable in Richmond-park, without feeling that he committed a great error in not entering the public service, to which, says the *Pall-mall Gazette*, he might easily have gained admission under the system of open competition. There can be little doubt that Offord would have passed a most successful examination, and might have filled some of the highest posts under Government. He is, it seems, the son of an excise officer, has a thorough knowledge of French and German, and more than ordinary acquaintance with Shakespeare and other writers. Such, indeed, were his attainments that at one time he filled the post of an assistant-master at a school at Wimbledon, thus treading in the footsteps of that eminent scholar and interesting hero, Mr. Eugene Aram. Nor does it appear that Mr. Offord would have found any difficulty in producing testimonials, as to character which would have satisfied the requirements of the Civil Service Commissioners. The police have been unable to discover that he was an associate of thieves, or that he committed robberies in company with others. For some years he has led a quiet and outwardly an irreproachable life in a suburb of London, and was thus in every way technically entitled to confidence and respect. Burglars may in future feel that, by devoting a few hours each day to educating themselves, and by shrinking from even the appearance of evil, they have in the system of open competition a prospect before them not only of adding to their incomes but of extending their field of operations.

Another Russian Scandal.

Mild towards his subjects, the Czar (says the *Continental Herald*) is nevertheless in his own family circle quite severe. This has also been experienced by the Grand Duke Alexis, his third son, who was with him in England. Four years ago the Grand Duke Alexis, who was brought up as a sailor, spent the winter season at the Court of his father. At one of the Empress' parties he made the acquaintance of Miss Alexandrine Shukovski, one of his mother's maids-of-honour, and fell very much in love with her. The young lady, a niece of the present Russian Minister of Finance, Baron von Reuter, returned his affection, but declared she could only as his married wife have anything to do with him. As the Grand Duke was sure of not obtaining the consent of his parents to the wedding, he persuaded her to go abroad, and there contract a marriage with him. They both left St. Petersburg, and were secretly married in Italy. The Grand Duke than returned to St. Petersburg and announced his marriage to his father, whose anger at the mesâlliance of his son knew at first no bounds. But when the Grand Duke expressed his determination of remaining true to his vows, and Alexandrine Shukovski would not yield to the remonstrances of her parents, to consent to a divorce, the Emperor ordered his son to go for several years on a voyage round the world. The Grand Duke Alexis was immediately obliged to go on board his vessel, without seeing his wife, the latter being forbidden to return to Russia. The Czar, through the endeavours of her uncle, made the young wife promise to submit to a separation, and it seemed so certain she would yield to the persuasions of her so-called friends that Count Peter Schuvaloff, the confidant of the Emperor, was charged to negotiate directly with her. The count went to Nice for this purpose, but on his arrival things seemed to have taken another turn; the young wife had in the meantime given birth to a little boy, and assured the plenipotentiary of the Emperor she had no intention of fixing on the Grand Duke Alexis' son the stamp of illegitimacy. Alexandrine still lives far from her native country, and the Grand Duke is returned from his voyage, but his Imperial father does not suffer him out of his sight. The "Derschava" which is again to carry the Grand Duke on a second voyage round the world is already being fitted out in Cronstadt, and will set sail in a few weeks.

A Bois de Boulogne Incident.

One young American lady found her way into the Tuileries, not through that usual avenue, the United States Legation, but the Bois de Boulogne, where she fell on the ice in front of the Emperor, who was skating at the time, as well as the young woman in question. She being very handsome, the French ruler did not neglect such an occasion for exercising his gallantry, and assisted her to her feet. The next morning his aide-de-camp appeared at her residence, sent by his master to inquire if she had recovered from the effects of the accident, and to express a hope that she would be present at the next entertainment of the Tuileries. Some gossiping sisters alleged at the time that the fall on the ice was premeditated, since the woman was an accomplished skater; but entire credence cannot be given to this report, since the person who fell to rise—as they put it—was possessed of remarkable personal attractions.

All a Mistake.

When I first started in life, it was as salesman in the very small establishment of Mr. Russell, stationer. It was not a very remunerative situation, but old Mr. Russell was a kind old man, Mrs. Russell a nice, talkative old lady, and Dolly Russell often came into the shop on busy days and stood behind the counter beside me; and just for this last reason I would not have taken double wages with Mr. Throgmorton, the only other stationer of the town—not that he offered them, truth compels me to add.

Dear little Dolly! she had brown eyes and a dimple in her chin, and she sang like a prima donna. She had had lessons from a German Fraulein and from an Italian Signor; and the old man quite forgot Throgmorton and his gilt gingerbread window when he sat with his handkerchief over his head of an evening and listened to her songs. The piano was old and tinkling, but none of us ever thought of that. It was sing this and sing that, and "let us have that over again," until the clock struck eleven sometimes; then I was obliged to go. Old Mr. Russell and my father had been friends, and I was not a clerk only, but a privileged friend as well, and all the excuse I needed for coming every night was given in the words, "I want to hear the singing." Well, any one might have wanted to hear it, for that matter—not merely a boy who was in love.

Things went on in this way for three years, when, one afternoon, old Mr. Russell, shutting the drawer of his desk with a bang, said:

"It's no use, Tom, I may as well give in. Throgmorton has beaten me. I'm not making a copper, and I shall break up business. The old woman and I can manage on what we have, with only one child, and I can rest and stop fidgetting. I suppose Dolly can teach a little, too. There's no other music teacher in Appleton, now that Fraulien Hulse has gone back to Germany, and she can have some finery in that way. But the old shop is a mockery, and I've known it a good while."

So that was the end of that Arcadian time. The stock and fixtures were sold out. Throgmorton bought the stock, and the shop was altered into a parlour; and I wrote to my uncle in London, who had promised to take me into his business if I wished it, and he telegraphed, "Come next week." And then one day I asked Dolly to walk down into the meadows and see if the bramble-berries were ripe.

We took two little baskets, and the berries were hanging plump and large and purple-black; but before we picked one, I drew her to a quiet place under a great plane-tree, and put my arm about her waist, and said:

"Dolly, you know just how I feel to you, don't you? You know I love you."

She nestled up to me a little closer, and I took both her tiny, plump brown hands in mine.

"Will you wait for me a little while, Dolly?" I said. "Will you think that I am doing my best all the time to bring the day nearer when I can ask your father to give you to me?"

She said nothing for a while, and in the pause I heard a bird sing a whole song through. Then, sweeter than any birds sing, came her voice:

"Yes, Tom, I'll wait."

And then we picked the bramble-berries, and went home again through the meadows.

"We'll not speak of it yet, Tom," said Dolly. "At home, I mean; they think me such a child yet. I don't want to break the charm. In time they'll guess that I'm a woman; and they like you, Tom."

The evening passed swiftly. I arose to go. "God bless you!" said the old man. The old lady kissed me, I pressed my lips to Dolly's forehead. In that moment of parting the old folks thought it only natural. And then I was gone—down the little street with its semi-detached cottages, out into the country road. My trunk had been at the station for hours. I heard the whistle of the train; I saw the red glare of the iron monster's eye; I heard the snort and the tramp. He was ready for me, and the city and its whirl awaited me.

For a while I was bewildered in the city, then very busy, then flushed with the prospect of being rapidly advanced, and of being able to ask Dolly to be my wife sooner than I expected. I wrote her joyous letters. She wrote pleasant ones back to me. We did not make them open love-letters, but both understood the love at the bottom of them. And so the months glided by. For six I had no holiday. Then a grudgingly given week was given to me, and I hurried down to Appleton. I visited my old friends, and had a glorious time. Dolly was lovelier than ever. She walked over to the station with me when I left, leaning on my arm. The train had not come in yet—the one for London; but the other had set down some passengers from the city. One, a stout gentleman of thirty-five, dressed in fine style, having given his portmanteau to a porter, advanced to Dolly.

"How do you do, Miss Russell?" said he.

She held out her hand shyly.

"How do you do, Mr. Hollings? Tom, this is Mr. Hollings. Mr. Hollings, Mr. Hearn."

He bowed; so did I. But the fellow had such an air with him that I hated him. How did she know him? I had never seen him before.

"Who is he?" asked I in a whisper, as the porter called Mr. Hollings back for directions.

"He has something to do with the opera, I think," said Dolly.

Then came the shriek of the whistle at the station. On thundered the carriages.

"All aboard for London!" yelled a voice.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Dolly.

"Good-bye!" said I; but I stared at Mr. Hollings.

"You'll be left, Tom," said Dolly.

I hurried away. I found a seat. I thrust my head out of the window. Dolly was walking away on Mr. Hollings' arm, and his head was very close to hers—very.

I made a fool of myself next day. I wrote Dolly an indignant letter. She wrote me a spirited answer. I demanded an explanation as to how she came to know Hollings, in the next; and before any answer came to this, old Mrs. Russell walked into our place with her shopping bag in her hand, one morning.

"I want you to take me to some nice shop, Tom," she said, "if you can spare an hour or so. I'm going to buy a black silk for Dolly, and she told me to tell you all about it, as you seemed to be upset."

I asked the permission necessary, and called a carriage. Once within it, the old lady began:

"You see, Dolly will need to be dressed handsomely. She starts next month."

"Starts for where?" said I.

"All over, mostly," said the old lady. "It's all settled, you know, between her and Mr. Hollings."

"Settled!" cried I.

"Yes," said the old lady. "I knew you'd be pleased with the good news. She was singing in the choir, and he happened to go there to church, and he asked an introduction, and got it, and called next day. It's very sudden, very; but she wouldn't engage herself to him without our consent; and its such a fine thing, that we can't refuse; so we've consented. She'll feel homesick, no doubt, away from us; but we mustn't think of that. I try not to." And then the old lady put her kerchief to her eyes.

"She told you to tell *me?*" I said.

"Oh, yes," said the old lady.

My heart was on fire, my blood was boiling but I made no sign.

"You stay in the city all night, don't you?" I asked.

She said she would, and gave me the number of her boarding-house.

After the shopping was over, I went home and took from my trunk a little parcel of letters, a lock of hair, a ribbon—Heaven knows what trashy bits of love treasure—put them in a large business envelope, and walked over to the old lady's boarding-house with them.

"Tell Dolly that I sent her that, and wish her all the happiness that she deserves," said I.

The old lady heard no sarcasm in my voice.

"I will, Tom," she said; "and do come to see us soon. We'll be lonely without Dolly."

So it was over; and the thing that was most terrible to dream of had fallen on me, and I lived. And Dolly wrote no letter, and made no sign. It was as though she were dead, and she was dead to me.

Of course I made no confidence, and I worked as hard as ever. The work of a wholesale woollen house does not slacken because a clerk is crossed in love or jilted. Bales, and boxes, and bundles went out and came in all the same; and what did it matter if I looked pale, and lost my appetite, so that I did my figuring, and writing, and all the rest of it correctly?

But one day, as I looked up from a box I had been marking, I saw a sight that made me sick with rage. Hollings, and no one else, with his light side whiskers and his glossy hat and marvellously square shoulders. He was talking to my uncle, and appeared to be on intimate terms with him. I stood still and stared at him. In a few moments he saw me, and putting up his eye-glass, bowed. I made no bow in return. Then he came across the room.

"I don't think it's a mistake," said he. "I met you at the station at Appleton, with Miss Russell."

"I remember," I said.

"She's very well, and in a little flutter, of course," said he. "I suppose you've had letters?"

"Excuse me. I'm needed elsewhere," I said, and dashed away.

An hour after, my uncle coming across me, said:

"So you know Hollings, Tom? He's not a bad fellow, though a bit of a puppy. He's made a good deal of money in the theatrical line; manager and all that, you know. Married a sort of cousin of my wife's two years ago, so we're a little sociable."

"Is he a married man?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, why not?" said my uncle.

"Uncle Harold," said I, "you must let me run up to Appleton to-night. It's a life and death matter; I must go."

"What is the matter, Tom?" said my uncle.

"I can't tell you," said I; but I *must* go."

"Then you *must*," said my uncle; "but if it wasn't you, you'd never come back. Don't be longer than you can help, as it is."

If he had but known how long every moment seemed to me, he might have spared the warning.

I travelled on the night train, and reached the dear little brown cottage when its windows were golden in the sunrise. The old lady was getting breakfast. Dolly was at work in the garden. It was a sweet picture, and I had come to turn it's joy into sorrow; but better that, than to let worse sorrow come. I can truly say that I, as much as might be, forgot myself in that moment.

"You, Tom?" cried Mrs. Russell. "Why Tom!" cried the old lady; "so you thought you'd see our girl off after all? You know she starts to-morrow?"

Dolly did not look at me, but I saw her face flush crimson.

"I'm sorry to say that I have come down to bring bad news," said I.

"Bad news?" said Mr. Russell. "I'm sorry for that, my boy. What is it?"

"It affects you, sir," said I; "not me. Yes, Dolly, it is true; and ill as you have used me, my heart bleeds for you. I come only because worse would happen if I were silent, and I beg you to believe that I am actuated by no spirit of revenge. You may not credit me, but I wish that any other man had this to do. Mr. Hollings is, and has been for two full years, a married man."

I turned my face away from Dolly as I uttered these words, and dropped it upon the hand that rested on the summer seat. I expected to hear her scream, or to see her faint, but my news did not seem to produce as great an effect as I expected. I looked up again; all eyes were fixed upon me.

"Ah!" said the old man.

"Well?" said the old lady.

"Go on, Tom," said Dolly.

"His wife is a cousin of the lady my uncle married," said I. "If you don't believe me, I can offer proof of the fact. He is married."

"Of course I knew *that*," said Dolly. "His wife is quite a celebrated contralto."

"Knew that he was a married man?" said I, "I don't understand you. What can this mean?"

"And it'a a great deal nicer for Dolly." said Mrs. Russell. "Mrs. Hollings and she will travel together. But, O dear! perhaps Mrs. Hollings isn't nice. Is *that* it?"

I stared from one to the other.

"Mrs. Russell," said I, "what did you tell me when you came to London? As I understood you, that Dolly was engaged to Mr. Hollings, and that you were buying the wedding dresses."

"Gracious me?" cried the old lady. "Nothing of the sort!"

"Did you think *that*, Tom?" cried Dolly.

I asked her to explain.

"Oh, dear me! Why, Tom, I have engaged to travel with him as one of a quartette company that he has just formed. A foreign gentleman, and our tenor at church, Mr. Motley, and Mrs. Hollings and I; and I shall make a great deal of money, and—— Oh, Tom, *that's* why you sent back my letters."

I opened my arms, and Dolly ran into them, without thinking of the old folks.

"What a miserable wretch I have been for the last five weeks!" said I.

And Dolly began to cry upon my shoulder.

"You see how it is, sir," I said to Mr. Russell. "I'm not rich, but I love Dolly dearly; and if she'll take me as I am, I shall be the happiest fellow under the sun. And for heaven's sake, Dolly, don't mind breaking your engagement with that fellow. Stay at home, and sing to us. I don't want you running about the country, no matter how much money you make by it."

So the engagement was broken; and though my uncle said it was most imprudent, Dolly and I were married that winter.

The Wood Lane in Summer.

'Tis the violet time in the old wood lane
  That leads to the purple hollow,
Where fern-plumes nod to the spiry grass,
As the swooping winds o'er the thistles pass,
Where lichens in gaily-tinted mass
  Deftly the runnels follow.

The cowslip bends in the moss-banked lane,
  The very wine-cup mocking;
The young blush-rose, and the lilac cone,
Buttercups, with their gold half-strown,
And woodbine boles with ivied zone,
  The infant winds are rocking.

The timber-wain down the grass-grown lane
  Is bringing the fallen giant—
Our old, old oak—from the winding wood;
We shall miss his root and his shelter good
By the quaint old style where last he stood,
  In kingly pride, defiant.

Scarce a sound is heard down the quiet lane,
  As the wheels pass o'er the daisies,
For the swarth is thick, like a carpet spread
For the silent march of the mighty dead;
And the old steeds have a softened tread,
  As they thread the lane's green mazes.

—*John L. Owen.*

Blind Beggars.

In a late number of the *Musée Universel*, M. Arthur Mangin discourses as follows on the subject of charity:

When the Marquis of A——, who was celebrated for his opulence, avarice, and wit, was reproached for never giving anything to the poor, he replied:

"*Eh quoi!* I obey the great evangelic precept, 'Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you.'"

The nobleman's reply was not so censurable as it seems at the first glance. Will you, who are so generously charitable, the first time you meet a beggar, ask yourself this simple question: "If a chain of untoward circumstances should, some day, reduce me to the condition of this poor devil, should I do as he does? Would I degrade myself so far as to beg, in whispering humility, the passers-by for a few sous?" Your reply would be: "No! a thousand times no! sooner death than such degradation?" And you, madam, could you bring yourself to beg in the public streets, even for the nearest and dearest to you? No, surely not! Like the late Marquis of A——, therefore, you would not have others give you alms, and yet you give alms to others. You concede that the man who begs degrades himself, and yet you encourage him to do so.

If you go to the Bois de Boulogne *viâ* the Maillot Gate, you will see, at the skirt of a little clump of trees as you enter the wood, an old, blind beggar. He is there from morning till evening, immovable, always at the same place. Before him he has his faithful dog, a poodle, that holds in his mouth a wooden bowl. Who can fail to see how much more dignified the mien of the poodle is than that of the man? The one sits, with its head raised, and looks at the passers-by with an air of calm resignation. The other is on his knees, bareheaded beneath the scorching sun. He is as desirous, it would seem, to inspire contempt as pity. He expects that people seeing him in this posture will say:

"This man must be very unfortunate to subject himself to such torture and humiliation."

This man is blind—at least I am wllling to believe he is—which is, perhaps, an extenuating circumstance. In my judgment, however, precisely on account of his infirmity, which is a sufficient recommendation to those who are not insensible to the misfortunes of others, he would lose nothing by evincing, *vis-à-vis* of those even of whom he solicits alms, some remnant of manly pride and dignity. But how many others have not the excuse of an infirmity which renders it impossible for them to work, and have recourse to all manner of lies and tricks in order to prey upon public commiseration! Many simulate, or inflict upon themselves, infirmities which Heaven has denied them. The professional beggar who is blessed with an infirmity would be slow to part with it: he is far from being of opinion that health is the greatest of blessings. Health! ha! with health there would be no honest excuse for not working; then it would be necessary to do something, if it were only to grind an organ! While a good infirmity, that can be exhibited, and to which attention can be called with, "See, madam, or see, sir, how I am afflicted!" is a capital—a little fortune, which has, 'tis true, the disadvantage of not being transferable, but which, on the other hand, there is no danger of losing. It is necessary that the infirmity should be incurable, otherwise some meddlesome disciple of Æsculapius may take it into his head to cure it, as in the case of a certain blind beggar of whom I heard recently.

The man was endowed with a *cécité magnifique*—a blindness, in fact, that obtained for him, without difficulty, an excellent "place" on one or the other of the bridges—Pont-Neuf or Pont des Arts, I do not remember which. There are lucky people in the world, and our *aveugle* was one of them. A distinguished oculist, who frequently passed over his bridge, noticed him, examined him, and, finding his case a favourable one for an operation, offered to restore his vision—without charge, of course. The man imprudently consented to submit to treatment; the result was, that within a month he saw as well as anybody. But, as he should have had the wit to foresee, the restoration of his sight was his ruin. The police authorities took his place from and gave it to another *aveugle*, who had long beeni nscribed on the *Registre de l'Assistance*, and who was not such a fool as to submit to treatment. As for our aforetime blind man, he could find nothing better to do than to begin an action against the oculist who had restored his vision, demanding damages, in a considerable sum, for having deprived him of his means of support. It is hardly necessary to state that the suit only resulted in his being condemned to pay the costs.

An Icy Bachelor Thawed.

"Fearful extravagance! I never saw anything like it!"

Mrs. Chesterfield spoke with emphasis and feeling, and Mr. John Cox heard her meekly, with a faint smile hovering around his lips.

"What is it now, Fanny?" he asked, looking up from his newspaper at his sister's flushed face.

"Eliza!"

The word was fairly popped out of Mrs. Chesterfield's mouth, and Mr. Cox seemed to fully understand all it implied.

"Eliza suits me," he said lazily. "She keeps the house in order, cooks superbly, and never bothers."

"Keeps the house in order!" said Mrs. Chesterfield, with supreme scorn. "The dust under the sofas and beds is an inch thick. As for cooking, do you know, brother John, the waste that goes on in your kitchen?"

"But, Fanny——"

"I will speak," was the rejoinder that cut short the contemplated remonstrance. "If I did not come over now and then, and exercise some little supervision, I believe Eliza would make you pay for food enough to support a family of ten. John Cox," and the tone was more awful in its solemnity, "you must get a wife."

"No, I thank you, Fan."

"But, John, do listen to reason. You are rich, and you ought to have a family around you. You are nearly forty now, and it really is time you had a wife, if you ever intend to have one."

"But if I never do intend to have one, Fanny?"

"And leave your money to a charity hospital or an alms-house."

"I might do worse."

"You might do better. Come now, John, just think what a nice lot of girls you met last winter at my parties. There was Jenny Stiles."

"Snub nose! Fan, I abhor a snub nose."

"Well, Lizzie Bannerman has a pure Grecian profile."

"And sandy hair. If there is one thing more detestable than another, it is sandy hair."

"Julia Thomson has hair as brown as a chestnut."

"And gray eyes. Fan, do you know I did 'seriously incline' to Julia Thomson until I saw her weep, when I discovered that her eyes were that peculiar shade of gray that shades to a lively green in hours of moist tribulation."

"John, you are incorrigible. But I had hopes of you when you were sending hot-house bouquets and handsomely bound volumes of the poets to Mrs. Gordon. She was so handsome, and so superior in every way."

"Fan, never tell I told you. She wrote! She was literary. Fancy poor me with a wife detailing the conjugal felicities of Sophia and Alfred upon superfine foolscap, while John went without his dinner. Ugh! The first sight of what she called her literary trifles drove me from the field."

"Well, Emma Courtenay is not literary."

"No; she is just one remove from an idiot."

"But, John, you will never find a perfect woman. Every man's wife falls short of his ideal. What can you say against that little daisy, Laura Murray."

"Just that she *is* a daisy, a bread-and-butter miss."

"You are right, John; her sixteen years would not suit well with your forty summers. She is too young."

"Oh, as for that, I am not so very old, Fanny. My eyes are ignorant yet of crow's feet, and my hair unstreaked by gray."

"And Laura's nose is a decided snub, John."

"Not at all. *Retroussée*, Fanny."

"And her hair is sandy."

"Fanny! Her hair is perfect golden in colour. In sunlight it is a tint to drive an artist wild with enthusiasm."

"I think Annie Goodall would suit you better, John. She is more mature."

"I should think so! She is fifty if she is a day, and she dresses hideously. I am sure Venus herself would be odious in that green dress and red shawl, and the soles of her boots are two inches thick."

"Well, John, I give it up. I will try to resign myself to the fact that you are a confirmed old bachelor."

And with this parting shot, Mrs. Chesterfield took her flounces and feathers from her brother's sight, to bestow the vision of their magnificence upon Mr. Chesterfield and three olive-branches who awaited her at home.

She smiled often as she drove homeward, and once or twice nodded her head as if well pleased at some unspoken suggestion of her busy brain. It was the dearest wish of her heart to see her brother John married, and for many long years she had tried to accomplish this end. It only caused her to speak her vehement indignation when it was suggested that a bachelor-uncle would probably bestow large legacies upon the little Chesterfields.

She did not want John's money, she would declare truthfully. She wanted to see dear John himself happily married, with children of his own to inherit his fortune.

The conversation above recorded shows how far from successful she had been; but a luminous idea was now busy in her mind, and she proceeded to act upon it.

"John," she said, when he strolled into her parlour the next evening, "we are going to the Groves next week; when are you coming?"

"I think I shall travel this summer, Fan."

"Now, John, you will give us one month first. Come, do promise?"

"But, Fan, you always have so much company."

"If you will come, I won't have anybody at all—not a young lady. I have teased you awfully about a wife, John, but I will let you alone after this. You may live and die in single blessedness, if you really desire it."

"Then I will come. But you told me last time we spoke of the Groves, that Miss Murray was going with you for a month."

"Oh, she is such a mere child; a snub-nosed, sandy-haired, bread-and-butter miss, scarcely out of the school-room. Of course I am not so absurd as to suppose you will pay attention to her. Still, if you wish it, I will postpone her visit till you are gone."

"O no. Don't alter your arrangements on my account. She will not interfere with me."

Mrs. Chesterfield had called Laura Murray a daisy, and a very bright, fresh one she looked, as she stood upon the wide porch at the Groves, the morning after her arrival. She was very fair, with large gray eyes, and a profusion of light hair, just sufficiently tinged with red to be sandy, yet glossy, waving and pretty in its free unbounded masses. Her figure was graceful, and she was a lady in every word and look, while yet a free-hearted child in many respects.

She looked upon the middle-aged bachelor-brother of her hostess with respectful liking, which developed into cordial good feeling in a few days. He was so kind, she thought gratefully; would carry her drawing book for her to all the nicest places for sketching; drove her out day after day, and even indulged her in what Mrs. Chesterfield declared a perfectly insane desire, namely, a canter upon his own favourite horse Thunderer. Then in his trips to town he always remembered a package of candies for the children, and a separate dainty box for the biggest child of all, as Mrs. Chesterfield would call her, as she enjoyed her share of sweets.

Cunning Mrs. Chesterfield! Not a word or hint now dropped from her lips to her brother upon the often discussed subject of matrimony. Somewhat ostentatiously she would beg him not to allow Laura to take him from his paper or cigar. She drew his attention to the fact that Laura actually wrapped a scarlet shawl around her when she wore a shimmering green tissue that suited her creamy complexion to perfection. She shuddered herself at the thick soles of Laura's walking boots, and commented upon the fact that crying made Laura's eyes green.

And John would sometimes admit, sometimes combat these facts, and still devote the long leisure hours of a country life to Laura.

The promised month was nearly over, and Fanny pleaded for a few weeks more of her brother's society.

"Don't leave me now, John, when I am going to make the house pleasant."

"It is pleasant enough, Fan."

"You are a dear, good fellow to say so, but I know how you must have been bored, John. Dancing attendance upon a school-girl must have been simply horrible for a man of your fastidious refinement."

"Not at all. Besides, Miss Murray has left school."

"But she is so young yet. I am sure her unformed mind can never offer companionship for yours."

"There is a great deal of undeveloped power there, Fan. She brings a fresh, vivacious intelligence to bear upon almost every subject. A few years of foreign travel would do wonders for her."

"I think you are very kind to speak of her in that way, John. Poor little thing, she is very plain."

"Plain, Fan! plain! You never saw a more exquisite complexion, and her eyes are most expressive and brilliant."

"But green, in tears, John. And such boots!"

"Good gracious, Fan! you would not have the child tramping about the country lanes and roads in paper-soled slippers, would you? She shows her sense in wearing good strong shoes."

"Of course. I approve of sense, and Laura has, as you say, considerable. I think, if she wished to cultivate her talent, she would soon write very well. Some of her letters home are really literary gems, they are so original and vivacious. But I hope the poor child will never be literary."

"Why not? Why should not a woman develop any power or talent she possesses?"

"But, John, how if her husband wants his dinner while Amelia and Paul are in agonies of separation upon paper?"

"Let her husband wait! He must be a nice fellow if he lets his own coarse appetite interfere with the outpourings of genius. But I cannot talk any longer now, Fan. I promised Laura a drive. Will she stay any longer, Fanny?"

"O yes; all next month."

"Well, don't engage my room for anybody for a week or two, Fan. I am not quite ready to start upon my travels yet," and John went out.

He was scarcely out of sight when Mrs. Chesterfield twisted around and astonished young Chesterfield in an impromptu waltz, singing:

"Oh, John, John, you are very far gone."

Before retiring that night, she paid a visit to Laura's room, and with wily purpose brought the conversation to bear upon her brother.

"He is a nice old dear," she said.

"Old! Why, Mrs. Chesterfield, surely you do not call Mr. Cox an old man!"

"No; but he is middle-aged and fussy."

"How is he fussy? I thought he was always courteous and gentle."

"But he has such odd ways."

"They must be generous, honourable ways, and they are so uncommon I suppose they do seem odd."

"But still you know, Laura, a man of his age does get fussy, settled opinions, especially if he is a confirmed old bachelor."

"But, Mrs. Chesterfield, he—he—you know—perhaps— Is he a confirmed old bachelor?" she said, desperately, at last.

"Oh, yes, dear; John will never marry. He has told me so."

"But to-day, when we were riding—you know he took me out—and——"

"Yes, dear. I know he is very kind about taking you out."

"But—when we were riding to-day—I am sure you can't be more astonished than I was."

"My dear, there is nothing astonishing in John's taking you to ride," said wicked Mrs. Chesterfield, not helping the young girl one atom in her confessions, but inwardly longing to smother her with kisses.

"No—" and the crimson flushes chased each other prettily upon Laura's rounded, dimpled cheeks—"but to-day—as we were out, he—he—please don't be a gry—he asked me to marry him!"

Then Mrs. Chesterfield did catch the blushing, happy girl into her own motherly arms, and give her warm, sisterly welcome to her new honours, sure, from all signs and omens, that love, and love only, prompted the hearts of the pretty daisy Laura Murray and John Cox, no longer a confirmed bachelor.

Story of a Parrot.

A good story is told of a parrot which had always lived on board of a ship, but which had escaped at one of the southern ports, and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching to them in his earnest fashion, saying there was no virtue in them—that every one of them would go to an endless perdition unless they repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding place, "All hands below!" To say that "all hands" were startled would be a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice and unknown source had much more effect upon them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment, and then, a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning. "All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere. The preacher started from his pulpit and looked anxiously around, inquiring if anyone had spoken. "All hands below!" was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and in a moment afterward they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying his best to get there first, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling: "All hands below!" There was one old woman present who was lame, and could not get out as fast as the rest, and in a short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out, the parrot flew down, and alighting on her shoulder, yelled in her ear: "All hands below!" "No, no, Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you don't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way."

News Miscellany.

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Sale of Autograph Love Letters.—A somewhat curious sale of autograph love letters took place recently in the Rue des Bons-Enfants, Paris. There were letters from Mme. de Parabère, Mme. de Chateauroux, Mme. de Pompadour, Mme. de la Popélinière and so on. Not a few of these amatory effusions were addressed to the all-conquering Duc de Richelieu, and there was hardly one free from the most astonishing faults of grammar and spelling, the fair authors apparently having as lofty a contempt for the laws of orthography as for the code of morals. The letters—probably on account of their contents—sold very well—a sign of the regeneration of France, of which we hear so much and see so little.

Anecdote of Spurgeon.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, speaking recently at the opening of a new mission chapel near Drury-lane, said he remembered one Sunday evening, whilst preaching to a crowded congregation, saying, "There is a man in the gallery now with a gin bottle in his pocket;" and, although the statement was merely made to enforce a point, with no idea that it was literally accurate, there was not only a man with a gin bottle in his pocket at that side of the gallery to which he pointed, but there was another man at the other side similarly burdened, and both these men from that hour were converted.

Another Prince Pretender in Paris.—Since the disappearance, under unpleasant circumstances, of the "Armenian Prince," Meskariantz, from Parisian society, good-looking adventurers have found some difficulty in effecting an entrance into the charmed circle. A young Italian who had for some time been compelled to confine his displays of wealth and aristocratic airs to the Boulevards was at length, the other day, introduced by some thoughtless young exquisite to the *salon* of a very great lady. The "Prince" acquitted himself admirably, and his perfect manners and good looks would soon have been his passport to further successes, when an old general determined to bring the new comer to book. Addressing him, point blank, the general said, "You belong, I am told, Prince, to one of the oldest Wallachian families?" "To one of the very oldest, general." "How do you make out your descent?" "Parchment is, indeed, scarce among us, and we rely mainly on tradition." "But your genealogical tree?" "That," replied the Prince, with cheerful readiness, "was planted before the castle. . . . . My grandfather had a whole avenue of them, but he ordered them to be cut down." So, after this answer, were the social prospects of the handsome Italian "Prince."

A Good Ghost.—The *San Francisco News Letter* says: Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office the other night, and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a fifteen-dollar pair of pantaloons, a ten-dollar vest, a seven-dollar pair of boots, and an eight-dollar hat, while one of the students goes about without a vest, and another roams around through the least frequented streets, wearing a very ancient pair of inexpressibles.

Playing a Dangerous Game.—At Southwark Police-court, London, Mary King, 40, shirtmaker, living at Limehouse, was charged with unlawfully endeavouring to entice Samuel Levin, eight years of age, from home. Samuel Levin said that on Monday afternoon his mother sent him on an errand. The prisoner stopped him and said, "You are a nice-looking boy: would you like to go to a theatre?" He told her that he should, if his mother would let him. She then asked him if he had a father. He told her he had not. They walked to the corner of the court where his mother lived, and the prisoner told him to go and fetch her. The mother of the boy deposed that the prisoner said, "Your boy is a nice little boy, and would do well on the stage." Witness asked her what she meant. She replied that she wanted a number of dark-complexioned children for a French theatrical lady to take with her to France, to teach them gymnastics and theatrical business. On the next day she called again, and was then given into custody. The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said she had no intention to entice children away. She was employed by a French lady staying at an hotel in the Borough to obtain children to be regularly apprenticed to the theatrical profession. They were to go to Paris for three months' trial, with the free consent of themselves and parents. The magistrate asked if the French lady could be found. The prisoner replied that she could; no doubt she was at the hotel. One of the warrant officers was despatched to the hotel, and shortly afterwards returned with the lady. She produced her passport, and explained that her husband was a celebrated gymnast in Paris. Knowing the prisoner as her laundress, she asked her to assist her in finding dark-complexioned children. She had already two children belonging to the prisoner, for which she gave £2 each. The magistrate discharged the prisoner, telling her she was playing a dangerous game. Had the boy gone with her without the consent of his parent she would have been liable to seven years' penal servitude.

Breaking Bad News Gently.—"When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck," says Mark Twain in the *Galaxy*, "it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins's waggon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not to break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door; then he said, 'Does the widder Bagley live here?' 'The widow Bagley? No, sir!' 'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?' 'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.' 'I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the judge in?' 'No, not at present.' 'I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suthin', mum, for I'm a going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old judge curled up out here in the waggon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him.'"

Killed By a Word.—The portraits smiling from the walls of the many picture galleries now open to the public of European capitals, do not, as a general rule, suggest life histories of passion and despair. A collection is, however, on view in Paris, of paintings by Prudhon, among which may be seen a portrait of the heroine of as tragic a tale as any devised by the most sensational novelist—that of a woman slain by a chance word. Among Prudhon's best works are those inspired by Mdlle. Mayer, a lady who devoted her life, and most of her means, to promoting the comfort and fostering the genius of the artist, whose domestic life was a most unhappy one. Matters remained in this position for many years. Mdlle. Mayer, no longer young, and no longer wealthy, was dreading the simultaneous advent of old age and poverty, when news came that Madame Prudhon was dying. She received this intelligence at first in silence, when, turning to Prudhon, who read the letter to her, she inquired of him whether, if he became a widower, he should marry again. "Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the artist, thinking only of the misery he had endured with his wife. Mdlle. Mayer interpreted this speech unfavourably to herself, and committed suicide that very day.

Cargo of Chinese Corpses.—The *San Francisco Chronicle* says: The average American contemplates in stupid bewilderment the tenacious faith of the disciples of Confucius in the religious necessity that, wherever death may overtake them, their dust must be sent back to the flowery kingdom to rest in the bosom of mother earth. The Oriflamme, from Portland, a few days ago, brought down over a ton of the mortal remains of Mongolians who had shuffled off their coils in Oregon. This queer cargo is to be shipped from this port to China. The fact that so thrifty a people as the Chinese should incur the great expense they do for such a purpose proves the stronghold which the custom has upon them. The mere preparation of the bodies to be shipped costs 25 dols. each, and when the expenses of packing, freight, reshipment, &c., is added, it must amount to about as much as an industrious Chinaman, living upon the most economical principles, can save in a year.

French Newspapers in Trouble.—Four persons were arrested as the authors of the "Massacres of Limours," as a series of murders near that village were called. All four prisoners have since been set at liberty, and two of them have brought actions against different Paris newspapers, which they accuse of having libelled them in describing their arrest. The Court gave judgment in favour of the plaintiffs. The *Figaro* is fined 1500 francs, and to pay 1000 francs damages to the plaintiff Lebœuf, and 500 francs to the plaintiff Guignard. The *Petit Journal* is condemned to a fine of 500 francs, and to pay 600 francs damages to Lebœuf, and 300 francs to Guignard. It is rare that a French Court awards such damages, which would be thought very trifling in England, but which are quite heavy for France, where it is unusual for the damages to cover the plaintiff's costs.

Marriage "Over the Wire."—The *New York Times* quotes from the *Journal of the Telegraph* an interesting account of a marriage ceremony which has recently been performed in Iowa "over the wire," with the engaged couple at one end and the minister at the other. It appears that at five o'clock, the hour fixed for the celebration, the officiating clergyman in the telegraph office at Keokuk received a telegram from the bridegroom and bride, saying that they were at the office in Bonaparte, and "ready to proceed." The following message was then sent: "Keokuk, Iowa, April 16, 1874.—John Sullivan and Frances Godown, Bonaparte, Iowa: Please join hands and take the pledge.—William C. Pratt." Then came the response: "Bonaparte, April 16, 1874.—Wm. C. Pratt, Keokuk.—We take the pledge.—John Sullivan, Frances Godown." The concluding despatch was as follows: "Keokuk, Iowa, April 16, 1874.—John Sullivan and Frances Godown, Bonaparte, Iowa.—By authority I pronounce you husband and wife, and may God bless you.—Wm. C. Pratt." That the marriage is a legal one can hardly be questioned. Indeed, anything almost constitutes a marriage in Iowa, and any ground whatever is good enough for a divorce; but, at the same time, if we are to have marriage by telegraph, with the priest at one end and the happy couple at the other, it is a little hard to see why we should not also have baptism by telegraph, and ordination by telegraph, in which latter case the theory of the apostolic successsion would receive a very serious blow.

Sending a Silk Dress by Post.—A Cornish paper states that a woman brought a large bundle to a post-office in the mining district, saying she wanted to send that to California. On being asked whether she had any idea of the cost of such a mode of transit, she explained that the parcel must go by post whatever the expense might be. A Cornish miner, she said, had promised his wife or sweetheart a real good English black silk dress, and a handsome white feather, and, knowing that the Yankees overhaul commercial packages chargeable with duty to the detriment of their contents, he insisted on this mode of conveyance. It only remained, therefore, to repack the dress in the most convenient form, and to plaster the parcel with fifteen of the big five-shilling stamps (the highest value issued), and by this time, no doubt, the generous miner has redeemed his promise.

Floating Baths in the Thames.—Some decided steps at last appear to have been taken to provide London with more ample bathing accommodation, the want of which has long been felt. The other day the iron hull intended for the Charing-cross bath was launched from the slip on which it was built in the Thames Shipbuilding Company's yard. This bath, which is the first of several purposed to be built by the Floating Swimming Baths Company (Limited), is 177 feet long by 30 feet wide over the hull, and has a bathing area of 135 feet by 25 feet, the water varying in depth from three feet to seven feet. At one end of the bath will be placed the filtering apparatus (Perrett's patent), provided with pumping machinery capable of throwing 1000 gallons of water per minute into the bath, thus giving a constant change of clean water. The method of filtering to be used was only adopted by the company after a series of experiments, extending over several weeks, had been made on board a barge moored in the Thames on the site of one of the proposed baths, thus insuring that a sample of the water should be passed through the apparatus under all states and conditions of the tide, as, until the filtering question was successfully solved, the company felt that they could not rely upon the support and patronage of the public. The bath will be covered by a handsome super-structure of iron and glass enlarged into a dome towards either end, under which fountains will be placed delivering the water into the bath. The bath will be fixed in the recess in the Victoria Embankment, on the west side of Charing-cross-bridge, access being obtained to it by means of the iron brows from which the present landing stage is reached.

Judges of Fact.—A prosecution against Messrs. Dougall, publishers of the *Montreal Witness*, for a libel, imputing grave misconduct to a gentleman of the name of Mousseau, was tried recently at Montreal before a mixed jury, and the advocates addressed them in both English and French. After retiring to consider their verdict, they returned into court, and stated that the six English jurors did not understand French, nor the six French jurors English, and they had no means of communicating with one another. An interpreter was then sworn, and retired with them. On their return again into court, being asked their verdict, a French juror said "Mr. Mousseau est non coupable," and another, "Il est bon homme," and the several other jurymen said Mr. Mousseau was "Not Guilty." The judge explained that it was not Mr. Mousseau who was being tried, but Messrs. Dougall. The juror, who had first mentioned Mr. Mousseau's name, then said "Coupable;" and most of the jurors said the same. The judge, Mr. Justice Ramsay, explained that they must all agree upon a verdict. Several jurymen then stated that all but one of them were agreed on a verdict of "Guilty." The *Witness's* report states that the juror referred to them "said that the rest of the jury found a verdict of 'guilty,' with the exception of himself, and he would give in." The defendant's counsel demanded a poll, but the judge said the jury had acquiesced in a verdict of "Guilty;" they had brought in that verdict, and it must be entered. The defendant's counsel handed in a protest, alleging that the juror above mentioned "stated that he did not agree with the others, but, after all, would acquiesce."

Melancholy Suicide of a Viscount.—A poor old gentleman, aged 78, M. Henri de Trassac de Biernes, committed suicide the other day in his lodging at Levallois-Perret, Paris. Ruined since the last ten years, this gentleman had sought for employment under a plebeian pseudonym in order to escape from the disgrace which belonged, in his eyes, to that change of life. Becoming affected two months back with very severe opthalmia, and being without any means of support, he could not stoop to solicit charity, but resolved to put himself to death. On his table was found the following letter, written on a sheet of paper bearing the coronet and arms of a viscount: "If you are told, Monsieur le Commissaire, in the course of the inquiry which you will have to make concerning my death, that I have been a dishonest man, do not believe it. I might, like others, have sold my name for improper purposes, but I have preferred to carry it away with me pure and without stain. Twenty battles were required to ennoble it, and now five sous' worth of charcoal will suffice to make it disappear for ever.—Henri de Trassac de Biernes."

Origin of Woolwich Arsenal.—"Lounger" in the *Pictorial World* says: I wonder if any one told the Czar how we came to plant our great armament manufactory at Woolwich? The story is curious in its way. Just over one hundred and fifty years ago the brass gun, which one of our great generals had taken from the French were being re-cast at the Royal Gun Factory, in Moorfields. A young Swiss was present as a visitor. He observed that the moulds were damp, and warned the Surveyor-General against too close an examination of the operation. Andrew Schalch was the name of the young foreigner. An explosion occurred, and many men were killed; whereupon an advertisement was inserted in the leading paper of this period, requesting Mr. Schalch to call upon the surveyor, and promising that his doing so might be of great advantage to himself. The young Swiss acted upon the hint, and was entrusted with the duty of selecting a new locality for the casting of the Royal ordnance. He chose the site of a rabbit-warren at Woolwich, as the best locality for the purpose within twelve miles of London, because it was dry, near to the river, and had in the immediate neighbourhood loam suitable for the moulds. It has since been proved that the Romans had a station here. They used the ground on which the original gun factory stands for the purpose of a cemetery. On digging the foundations of some new buildings, urns of their manufacture were discovered in large quantities, and a fine sepulchral vase, which is now in the museum of the Royal Artillery Institution. "Thus," says Dr. Andrew Wynter, who mentions the incident in one of his many excellent industrial gossips, "where the conquerors of the old world lay down to their last rest, we, the Romans of the present age, forge the arms which make us masters of an empire beyond the dreams of the Imperial Cæsars."

Planting the Prairies.—The endeavour to fill up the prairies of Minnesota with trees is of great importance to that State for the reason that at present about 12,000 acres of its best wheat lands are, owing to the absence of timber, unfit for successful agriculture. In March of this year Congress passed an Act to amend an Act intended to promote tree planting on the prairies. The new Act provides that every one who plants forty acres with trees, and keeps the same in good cultivation for ten years, shall receive title to 160 acres of land (as under the Homestead law), the forty acres of planted land to be included in the whole. The Minnesota Legislature has also enacted a law to encourage timber planting on the prairies of the State, by which 2 dols. per year, for a period of ten years, are paid by the State for every acre planted with trees, 2 dols. for every half mile of trees planted along public roads and highways, and 4 dols. if the trees are planted on both sides of the roads. These last two payments are also made annually for a period of ten years.

Remarkable Memories.—A magazine supplies the following information on "remarkable memories:" Among the instances cited is that of a child of ten—*le jeune Chevrier*—who, being examined made an exposition of Jussieu's botanical system. After dividing it into its three parts of acotyledons, monocotyledons and dicotyledons, the boy subdivided these each again into fifteen classes, and each class into families, urging his way undismayed through orabranchoides, rhinantoides, polemonaciæ, and other such like throat-strainers, explaining politely when called upon. Joseph Scaliger gained his renown from learning the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" by heart in three weeks. Lipsius would recite the histories of Tacitus word for word, giving anyone leave to plunge a dagger into his body if he made a mistake. Francis Suarez could quote the whole of St. Augustine's works—a perfect library—"from the egg to the apple." Dr. Thomas Fuller could name in order all the signs on both sides of the road, from the beginning of Paternoster-row to the Mansion House. William Lyon, for a bowl of punch, was in the habit of repeating in full the contents of the *Daily Advertiser*, which he had read once only.

Heroic Pluck and Presence of Mind.—The *Tribune* tells a story of pluck and presence of mind developing humanity and heroism under most remarkable circumstances. Two or three weeks ago an accident did *not* occur near Scranton, Penn.; the newspapers missed a sensational horror; and a dozen men, instead of being hurled into eternity without time to breathe a prayer, walked quietly home to their dinners, quite unconscious that death had had them by the throats. In the largest anthracite coal mine in the State, the care of the engine by which the care for passengers are lowered and hoisted, is placed in the hands of what the relator calls a Scotch-Irishman. The cable, necessarily of great weight and thickness, passes through the roof of a slightly-built shed, under which he stands. One morning as the man stood smoking his pipe, his hand upon the lever, his mind very probably busy on his dinner, and assuredly not wrought up to any heroic rapture of resolve, the ascending car (loaded with coal), at one end of the cable, broke, and fell crashing into the shaft, to be shattered into a thousand fragments. He knew that in the next minute the cable, released from the strain, would fly back and fall with crushing weight on the ricketty beams and boards of the roof. Death was absolutely certain if he did not escape from the shed. But if he took his hand from the lever, the descending car, full of men, must fall one or two hundred feet. He had but one instant to face his death and theirs, and to choose between them. There was a boy in the back of the shed; the man motioned him with his head to go out. Then he tightened his hold on the lever. The loosened cable struck and caught somewhere below against the side of the shaft. It was the delay of but a breath of time; but it was enough. The car grated with a jar on the ground far below; its occcupants stepped leisurely out, while the man who had saved them above threw himself from under the shed, just as its roof, beams, pulley, and all crashed down on the spot where he had been standing. The man's name is not known; but the *Tribune* well suggests that we should have been keenly alive to find it out if the impending tragedy occurred. Now that it did not, would it be detracting from the honour of humanity to find out the name of this humble "Scotch-Irish" engineer who saved the lives of so many men, and thus became the benefactor to their families?

Alpine Pasturage in Valais.—From careful statistics (says the *Swiss Times*) it has been found that the produce of milch cows for the eighty days during which they are pastured in summer upon the Alps of the Canton of Valais, does not exceed on the average, 15 francs net for each cow. The smallness of the yield is attributed to bad management, and to the want of enterprise in the improvement of the breed of cattle, since in other similar districts an average of 80 francs per cow is not an uncommon result.

A Polygamous Member of Congress.—The question of polygamy brought out a spicy debate at a recent sitting of the United States Congress. An attempt was made to unseat Delegate Cannon, of Utah territory, in the House of Representatives. The grounds of the unseating measure are the delegate's polygamous creed and practice. Mr. Cannon is a bishop of the Mormon Church, and is said to be the husband of four wives. The form of the movement against Mr. Cannon is a contest of his election by his opponent, who is a monogamous Gentile. Those in favour of unseating Delegate Cannon argued that the polygamous practices of the delegate were notorious; that the last Congress had affirmed the right to investigate the moral conduct of its members; and that the House ought to take decided stand upon the question by ridding itself of the offending member. On the other side it was argued that the House had no right to go outside of the qualifications prescribed for members by the Constitution; and that a prosecution of the party before a criminal court is the first step necessary, and one furnishing a basis of action for Congress; and that to set up tests of morality or to expel members on allegations of immorality or crime would impair the rights of constituencies to be represented by men of their choice. The insinuation was broadly made also that the application of this principle might damage a large number of members. The result was that Mr. Cannon was seated; but a resolution was immediately passed ordering an investigation into the facts.

The King of New Caledonia.—The French penal colony of New Caledonia has its Marquis of Carabas in the shape of a capitalist and universal trader of the name of Eglingson, of whom the *Temps* gives an account. He provides the Government with flour and beef from Melbourne, and the public with groceries, issues notes which he will take as payment for his own goods, and accommodates his clients with anything they require, from a bushel of apples to a church or a factory. All the wine in Noumea is in his cellars, in anticipation of the day when Government will need a supply; meantime he lets a friend have a barrel at 350 francs which sold last year at 185.

An Aquarium for Manchester.—An important addition has been made to the few places of resort enjoyed within easy distance by the inhabitants of Manchester, by the opening of a new aquarium well stocked with marine and fresh-water fish. The building has been erected near the Alexandra-park, in a well-frequented suburb. In the centre is a saloon or hall 150 feet in length by 40 feet wide, and, from the floor to the ridge of the open span-panelled roof, 54 feet in height. The walls are lined with cases stocked with anemones, and in the centre space there are large glass tanks filled with river and lacustrine fishes. The corridors on the north and south sides of the building are lined with tanks filled with marine fishes and crustacea, and these large spaces constitute the main scientific feature of the exhibition. By mechanical means the conditions of these tanks are rendered suitable for the different classes of fish, and the directors state that they have the deep-sea, or coral-line, the laminarian, and the littoral zones which gird our sea-shores truly represesented in their aquaria—the ocean current, the tidal wave, ebb and flow, &c. The two deep sea tanks measure 40ft. long, 10ft. wide, and from 8ft. to 10ft. deep. The tidal tanks are 40 in number, varying in depth according to the characters of the sea-shore they are intended to represent. The exhibition tanks present a transparent frontage of upwards of 750ft. being more than double that of any aquarium yet constructed. The experiment of a gigantic aquarium in a town so far inland as Manchester is a bold one, but there is every reason to suppose that it will be successful. The sea water is brought by train in barrels from Blackpool, a distance of about 40 miles, and a constant supply is maintained.

The Value of a Judge's Time.—In a Court of Justice not fifty miles from Montreal (says the *Montreal Witness*) an action was brought for the sum of two dollars. At the trial, when the plaintiff's counsel was proceeding to make a professional statement of the case, his Honour interrupted him, and throwing down a two-dollar bill to the clerk, said, "There's the money; each party pays his own costs." "But," said defendant's counsel, "I have something to say about the settlement of the case. I have pleaded to it." "What!" said his Honour, "pleadings in a case for two dollars? Do you think I am going to sit here half a day to listen to pleas in an action for two dollars? My time is worth more than that. Call the next case."

Horrible Treatment of a Girl.—The *Gottardo* reports the following act of almost inconceivable religious fanaticism, which occurred at Lucques: The police have just discovered a poor girl who was betrothed, tied by her relatives with a heavy rope to a beam in the attic of the house where she lived, in such a way that the whole weight of her body rested upon the fastening. Everything had been done to increase her sufferings; she was deprived of food, water, and sleep. When she was found she had lost her reason and could not speak; she howled like a wild beast. The father, sister, and uncle of the unfortunate creature have been arrested as well as a Curé who appears to have been the fatal instigator of this savage act. This priest had written in the name of the unfortunate girl, false letters to her *fiancé* in America, and in the last of which he informed him that she had taken the veil.

Astounding Cases of Recklessness.—Some curious facts with regard to the recklessness often shown in handling gunpowder, fireworks, and other such explosive substances, were brought to light in the evidence of Major Majendie, the Government inspector, before the House of Commons Committee on explosive substances recently. It was well enough known that in a factory at Birmingham open stoves were used in the sheds, and the girls employed were in the habit of shaking grains of powder from their aprons into the stove, until one day the place was blown up, and they were all killed; but one is rather startled to hear that a red-hot poker is not so very uncommonly used to bore a hole a certain distance into barrels of gunpowder. In this case also an inquest was held on what could be found of the operator. In Scotland, where caution is supposed to be a characteristic of the people, Major Majendie one day went with the owner of a powder factory down into his cellar. The owner showed the open barrels of powder by the light of a naked candle, and assured the horrified inspector that he was accustomed to ladle out the powder to his workmen by the same light. Another case was related of a man who was in the habit of holding dynamite on a shovel over the fire. It seems that trains carrying twenty tons of gunpowder sometimes pass through London, and that van loads are often taken along the street and are loaded and unloaded while bystanders are smoking their pipes. The following circumstance was narrated by the chief constable of Wigan: A person went into a shop for a few pounds of powder, and it was, the chief constable believes correctly, stated that the woman in the shop stuck a lighted tallow candle into the powder, which was a quarter barrel (25lb.), while she got some powder out with a scoop. A spark flew from the wick of the candle into the powder, and, of course, caused an explosion, which resulted in the death of two persons and the injury of several others, besides the total destruction of the premises. "But the most miraculous thing was that there was a baby in the house in a cradle, and the baby and cradle were blown out of the house into a small brook which ran close by, and the child was taken out of the cradle uninjured."

Summer Sailing on the Thames.—To sail up what the poets used to call the silver Thames is one of the delights of Londoners when summer has fairly arrived, when stream, and sward, and trees, and flowers all look their best; a pleasure party at such a time on board the Maria Wood is a thing to remember. Formerly the property of the Corporation, and at one time employed by the Conscript Fathers for the promotion of the pleasure of the privileged classes, it has become the property of Messrs. Ritter, who devote it to the happiness and well-being of the public at large. It has recently been redecorated, and in its newly-fitted condition it may be had for a day or two in the coming season, and we may often expect to see it thus gaily floating on the Thames, mirth at the helm and pleasure at the prow.

Dying in the Shade.—In sharp contrast (says the *Echo*), with the brilliancy of the position occupied by successful lyrical artists is the deep shadow into which their less fortunate rivals are compelled to retire—a shadow, the gloom of which is scarcely realised until it is revealed by such a history as that of the once admired Lisa Tautin, a singer, who, after creating a *furore* in Paris at one time, has now died forgotten at Bologna. She was brought into notice by Offenbach, the composer, who, having heard her sing at Brussels, brought her to Paris, where she was engaged at the Bouffes at a salary of 1500 francs a month, and was for seven years the spoilt child of the Parisian public. One day, however, this capricious power transferred its affections to Schneider. Lisa felt the change, and left Paris, hoping, as she said, that "this whim" would not last. It did, however, and there was no longer room in the hearts of the fickle public for their former favourite. "I met her two years ago," says a correspondent, of the *Monde Illustré*, "she spoke to me of her successes, her crowns, her bouquets, her triumphs, and then tears came into her eyes. 'It is all very well, said she—there is nothing out of Paris.'" Pique is usually a bad adviser, but it might with advantage have suggested to the young and clever performer that a few tolerable singers may be heard and are appreciated many miles from the towers of Notre Dame.

Loraine's Silver Brick.—It appears from the following statement, copied from the Virginia City *Enterprise*, that the rescuer of the Cuban prisoners is to have the "silver brick" from Nevada after all. That paper says: It having been proposed to send Sir Lambton Loraine, the hero of Santiago de Cuba, a silver brick as a testimonial from the people of this city, about 100 dols. were collected recently in a few minutes. Only one dollar was accepted from any one person, though several gentlemen offered 5 dols., 10 dols., and 20 dols., and one man was anxious to give 100 dols. It is not the intention to send a brick the lifting of which would break Sir Lambton's knightly back, but still a good solid little bar worth about 300 dols. On the bar will be engraved a short and pithy inscription, and it will be enclosed in a neat box, manufactured of our native mountain mahogany. Among those who recently contributed were several ladies, who were anxious to have one dollar each in the brick which is to be so worthily bestowed.

The Biggest Hotel in the World.—The New York *World* says that a number of gentlemen met at the Sturtevant House to inspect the plans of Mr. Warren Leland's new palace hotel, which is now building in San Francisco. Mr. W. Leland, who has just arrived from that city, was present to explain the plan of his new enterprise, and from his statement the hotel will be the largest in the world. It will be twice the size of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a quarter larger than Barnum's new establishment, and twice the size of A. T. Stewart's up-town store. The edifice is built of iron and brick, will be six storeys high, and will contain accommodation for 1200 guests. The hotel is situated in one of the most prominent parts of the city, and not far from the open beach. The main entrance is twenty feet wide and twenty-five feet high, with side walks eight feet wide. Within the hotel there will be twenty furnishing stores, and the arcades will be paved with black and white marble. The cost of the structure will be 1,200,000 dols., and the design is by Mr. J. P. Gaynor.

AN ORIGINAL,
ATTRACTIVE, & HIGHLY ENTERTAINING
SERIAL STORY,
ENTITLED
GODFREY DARWIN'S CRIMES;
OR,
The Lock of Grey Hair.
By the Popular Author of "Spenser's Wife," "The Rose and the Shamrock," &c.,
WILL BE SHORTLY COMMENCED,
When Mr. Fenn's interesting Chapters come to a close.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XVI.

LARRY'S GOLDEN DROPS.

Whether there be fascination in the glittering eye of the snake, or whether the victim be paralysed with fear, naturalists must decide. Let that be as it may, Frank Adams, stooping there over a rugged block of dark ore, saw the venomous beast coiled up on a stone, with its head raised, and he remained watching it, apparently waiting for it to strike; while the attention of Dawson was taken up by the gliding scaly forms of several others, as making a low, dull, warning rattle, they crept in and out amongst the stones, beating a retreat, and evidently thinking more of escape than assault.

Though up here in the north-west, it is a less venomous variety of the rattlesnake that is occasionally found, their bite is sufficiently serious to make the reptiles an object of dread, though the disposition to make use of their poison fangs is less prominent even than in the rattlesnake (the *crotalus horridus*) of farther south. As far as Frank Adams was concerned, he was perfectly powerless to avert the impending stroke; he read it in the beast's eye, and felt his danger, but he did not move. Another instant, and the reptile would have fixed upon him, when something dark appeared to pass before the young man's eyes, the spell was broken, and, with a cry of horror, he leapt back.

It had all been the work of a few moments, and before the dizziness which followed had passed away, Dawson was saying, "That was a narrow escape, Frank, but the brute will never bite again."

Adams turned his head in the direction of the snake, to see it broken and writhing amidst the rough fragments, for the dark object which had passed before the young man's eyes had been a piece of stone, thrown with careful aim by Larry, crushing the reptile beyond all power of doing harm.

"Look at the baste," said Larry, completing his work, and then drawing their dead enemy from amongst the stones, where it had writhed. "That's pretty nigh six feet long. Shan't we be having to move?"

Rattlesnakes, danger, however, were forgotten in the discovery they had made. Here there was a place whose wealth was enormous; and doubtless they had but to move the debris to come upon blocks and masses of native silver, which had been covered over by slips from the sides of the great chasm.

The two men sat so thoughtful over their discovery of sufficient wealth to make them princes amongst men—could they transport it to the regions of civilisation—that Larry muttered to himself—"Sure they don't want me. Bud he might have said 'thanky' for killing that baste!"

So Larry stole gently away with his pannikin and pole, and went down the valley, overtaking Mrs. Adams and Mary, who were tempted to stroll by the beauty of the morning.

"Sure, Miss Mary," said Larry, "ye'll be in luck this mornin,' and jist ready to howld the basket for as illigant a lot of throut as iver ye see."

"But we had trout this morning, Larry," said Mrs. Adams.

"Not these throut, ma'am," said Larry, "These are fine big fellows, that look as if they hadn't a bone in their skin. I come upon 'em in a bit of a sandy corner down below there, and I stopped their getting down the strame by putting a row of stones across; and now I've only got to divart the water, and ladle the rest out, and there we have the fine fellows flapping about on the sand."

Larry led the way down the valley for about a a mile or so, leading his companions cautiously forward to a pool made by the rivulet, whose clear waters gurgled along the bottom; and there plainly enough could be seen safely prisoned about a dozen fine large trout.

"It makes one's mouth wather to see them, don't it?" said Larry, rolling up his sleeves, wading into the stream above the pool, and, by means of a shovel, so banking up the sand that the water ceased to pass through the pool, but glided down another way. Then, seeking the bottom of his pool, Larry set to work with a will, and in half an hour had baled out the water so as to leave the trout flapping about on their sides in the sand, from which they were soon transferred to the basket—thirteen of them—which Larry held.

"And now," said Larry, quietly, "I've got my idays about this spot, and as they've made their bit of a dishcovery up above——"

"Discovery, Larry?" exclaimed Mrs. Adams.

"Sure, yes; and didn't I tell you?" said Larry.

"No, not a word."

"Nor yet about the masther being nearly bitten by a rattlesnake?"

"Oh, Larry!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams, agitatedly.

"Bud he wasn't bitten at all," said Larry; "and a miss is as good as a mile, ye know."

"But the discovery?" said Mary.

"Oh, only some lumps of silver, and they don't want ye, I'm sure, for they both of 'em looked as dull and as miserable as if they'd rather not; and I came away and left them. Ye'd betther stay wid me—well, anyhow, tak' the fishes wid ye."

"Och, they're gone, and good luck go wid 'em! And now for my bit of a dishcovery. Let's have a look at you first, me boy," he said, sitting down, and taking what looked like a yellow water-worn stone from his pocket. "Now let's see what you are," said Larry, "because if you're right, there's sure to be lots more of ye, where you came from. And, let's see, if you're goold ye'll cut aisy-like wid me knife."

He opened his knife slowly, and tried the yellow find with the edge.

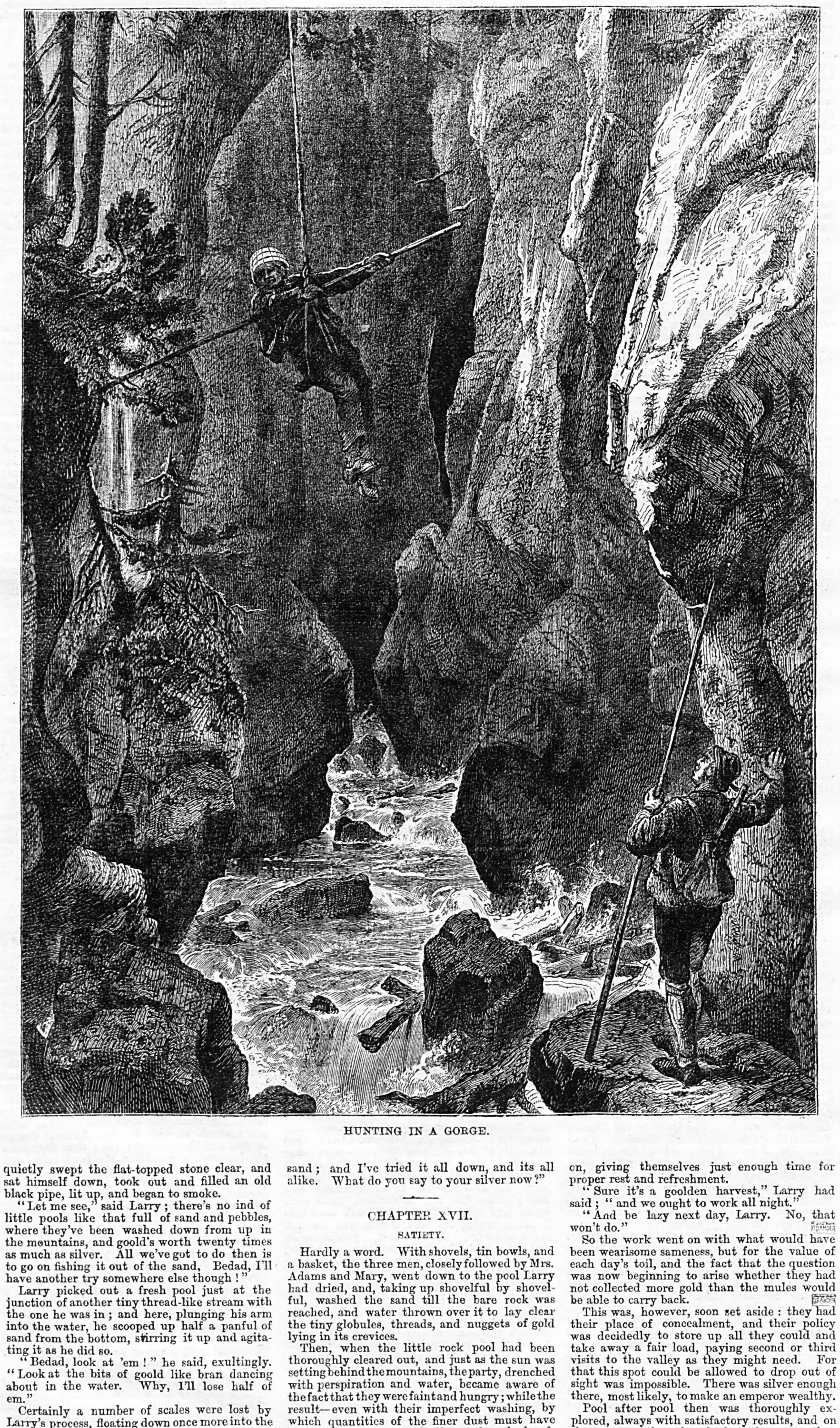
It was hard, but his knife cut from it a tiny shaving of pure yellow gold.

"It's all right," said Larry, closing his big knife with a snap. "Silver!" he added, in a tone of contempt; "who'd dig for shillings when he could turn up half-sovereigns and sovereigns at every dip?"

He took his tin bowl, and scooped up from where the trout had been swimming a quantity of sand and water; then going a little higher up, he filled the bowl full of water, stirred it up with his fingers, and poured the sandy water away.

This he did again and again, till there was nothing left at the bottom of the bowl but a couple of handsful of heavy fragments, gravel, and bits of pebbles washed beautifully clean.

The perspiration stood in big drops on Larry's forehead as he stepped from the bed of the stream, and emptied this out on a big flat-topped stone, the sun shining brightly down and showing that quite one-third of the washed debris was gold—pure gold in scales and fragments that had apparently been run together in nuggets, and what seemed to be rounded pebbles. All these Larry carefully picked from among the stones and transferred to his pocket, which was quite three ounces the heavier. Then, instead of madly rushing off to get more, Larry quietly swept the flat-topped stone clear, and sat himself down, took out and filled an old black pipe, lit up, and began to smoke.



HUNTING IN A GORGE.

"Let me see," said Larry; there's no ind of little pools like that full of sand and pebbles, where they've been washed down from up in the mountains, and goold's worth twenty times as much as silver. All we've got to do then is to go on fishing it out of the sand, Bedad, I'll have another try somewhere else though!"

Larry picked out a fresh pool just at the junction of another tiny thread-like stream with the one he was in; and here, plunging his arm into the water, he scooped up half a panful of sand from the bottom, stirring it up and agitating it as he did so.

"Bedad, look at 'em!" he said, exultingly. "Look at the bits of goold like bran dancing about in the water. Why, I'll lose half of em."

Certainly a number of scales were lost by Larry's process, floating down once more into the sand at the bottom of the pool; but when he had ended there was a bigger nugget at the bottom of his pan than he had found before, lying amidst a score of little fragments and dust.

Still, not satisfied, he went lower down the valley for quite a mile, and experimented twice in likely places and always with similar results, the whole result being that for his carelessly-conducted morning's work, Larry had collected eight or nine ounces of gold.

"I wonder where it comes from," said Larry, as he trudged back towards the tent where he found Dawson and Adams breaking fragments off one of the pieces of silver ore, and placing them in a crucible.

"Come, Larry," said Adams, "we want you badly. You take this discovery as coolly as if it were worth nothing."

"Sure and I do," said Larry, quietly.

Dawson looked at him in astonishment, as he stood there with his bottom lip protruded, rubbing his chin with his left hand, while his right was thrust deeply into his pocket.

"That's a dale of trouble and hardwork," he said after a minute.

"Trouble or no, Larry, you'll have to buckle to," said Adams; "so come along, man. Why it's nearly solid silver."

"Pooh!" said Larry; "an' what's silver?"

"Have you been at the spirits, Larry?" said Dawson, laughing.

"No, sor; it's at the golden dhrops I've been at; an' its made me think mighty little of such stuff as that which ye've got to break up and melt down, and the rest of it. Look here," he said, taking a handful of gold from his pockets; "what do you say to that?"

"Stream gold, by all that's glorious!" cried Dawson, pitching a lump of silver on one side as though it had been clay.

"Gold!" ejaculated Adams.

"Hapes of it," cried Larry; "and I invinted the dishcovery all be meself. There's the little river bed jist full of it, where it ain't stones, and sand; and I've tried it all down, and its all alike. What do you say to your silver now?"

CHAPTER XVII.

SATIETY.

Hardly a word. With shovels, tin bowls, and a basket, the three men, closely followed by Mrs. Adams and Mary, went down to the pool Larry had dried, and, taking up shovelful by shovelful, washed the sand till the bare rock was reached, and water thrown over it to lay clear the tiny globules, threads, and nuggets of gold lying in its crevices.

Then, when the little rock pool had been thoroughly cleared out, and just as the sun was setting behind the mountains, the party, drenched with perspiration and water, became aware of the fact that they were faint and hungry; while the result—even with their imperfect washing, by which quantities of the finer dust must have passed away—was marvellous—they had collected pounds of gold; and on reaching the hut and tent, the first thing done, whilst the women prepared the food, was to dig a *caché* beneath the rocks, and here was the treasure stored.

As Frank Adams sat in the soft moonlight of that night, it seemed to him that it would all turn out some Aladdin's dream of gold and splendour; but no, there was the precious metal beneath their feet, and a short period of such toil would produce as much as they could possibly take away, for there was the wild journey back.

Dawson sat dreamy and quiet, having little to say now that this, the goal of his hopes, had been gained; and Larry lay on his back and smoked as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"Well, Larry," said Adams, at last, "how do you feel about the discovery?"

"Och, as if harvest was over, yer honour and I'd jist been paid," was the reply. "Bad luck to thim rattlesnakes! they won't come down to us by the water."

"I hope not," was the reply; and soon, after a hearty repast on Larry's trout, the party was indulging in golden dreams of the discoveries of another day.

Silver had become of no value in their eyes; and in the early morning the work began at the rock pools in a quiet, systematic manner—the men baling and washing, and the women picking out the fragments of gold and placing them in little bags, strongly made for the purpose; for it had been decided to have it ready in their *caché* for packing on the mules at a moment's notice. They seemed alone in the world here, and the idea of pursuit had passed away; but there was always the chance that fate might play them some scurvy trick, even at this, the most successful hour of their lives.

Pool after pool did they clear as the days wore on, some yielding heavily, some—the shallow ones, where the stream had had greater force—having nothing to show. But the bags filled up, and increased in number as they toiled on, giving themselves just enough time for proper rest and refreshment.

"Sure it's a goolden harvest," Larry had said; "and we ought to work all night."

"And be lazy next day, Larry. No, that won't do."

So the work went on with what would have been wearisome sameness, but for the value of each day's toil, and the fact that the question was now beginning to arise whether they had not collected more gold than the mules would be able to carry back.

This was, however, soon set aside: they had their place of concealment, and their policy was decidedly to store up all they could and take away a fair load, paying second or third visits to the valley as they might need. For that this spot could be allowed to drop out of sight was impossible. There was silver enough there, most likely, to make an emperor wealthy.

Pool after pool then was thoroughly explored, always with satisfactory results, and on the average they found that the more they worked upward the more satisfactory became the find. This led to a determination to scale the precipitous sides of the valley, and try and pursue the stream to its source, for here they judged it must pass through the natural treasure hoard from which it filtered the various fragments they had found.

In fact, the thirst for gold somewhat allayed, our adventurers began to grow weary, and to seek to find larger pieces, and in greater quantity than before.

The notion of exploring was no sooner hinted to Larry, than he began to make preparations by cutting down a stiff fir tree or two, which, when trimmed and a few inches of branch left on either side, made no mean apologies for ladders.

"Bud why not thry the big waterfall?" said Larry, "where there must be more goold washed down in a day, than in this bit of a runnel in a thousand years."

The idea sounded wild, but there was reason in it; and after a short day's toil at washing they started down the cañon to try and explore it and more carefully examine the rift where the fall, which disappeared in a huge gulf, again came to the surface.

It was a weird journey—one which even a stout-hearted man would have hesitated to make alone. The rocks looked always black and impending to their fall; the place was in semi-obscurity; and ever, making the earth apparently to vibrate there was the rumble and thunder of the mighty fall. Then, too, the rocks were slippery with the mist which swept along the deeper parts of the cañon in clouds.

On reaching the spot where the water from the fall emerged again to daylight, it was to gaze down into an awful rift, a slip meaning instant death, for the water raged out with a roar, and was churned into white foam by its passage amidst the rugged obstacles in its path. There might have been gold washed down, ground out, and beaten from the rocks, but it must be hurled down the stream for many miles before it could find a ledge where it would stay without being scoured out.

Weary with their clamber, they began to return, when Dawson seemed to grow anxious and began to urge the others forward.

"What is it?" said Adams, smiling. "Do you want to get back to the treasure—are you afraid lest it should take wings?"

"I wanted to get back to our treasures, Frank," said Dawson, gravely. "I don't think we ought to leave them unprotected in a place like this."

"There, don't talk in that blood-curdling way," said Adams, increasing his pace. "I suppose it is foolish, and we have been beguiled by too much safety. This is such an out-of-the-way place, though, that surely there is nothing to fear."

"It is impossible to say," replied Dawson; "adventurers are getting plentiful now, and there may be dozens seeking gold and silver within a few miles. Then there are the Indians!"

"What fools we were to come!" exclaimed Adams. "Come, Larry, step out."

"Step out!" grumbled he, "whin the place seems to have been made on purpose to punish people who have brought their corns. I'll be close behind ye, gintlemin; so never mind me."

With the feeling of anxiety always on the increase, they hurried on as fast as their weary limbs would let them, the waterfall roaring on their left, and the strange echo of the hollow sounds seeming to roll down and down the great cañon.

At last they reached the valley, where the caution induced by a desert life made them seek the shelter of the rocks piled up at the entrance, and there scan the valley right and left in search of the danger they felt to be at hand.

But no; there was nothing to see—all was calm and peaceful: the tent and hut were in their sheltered corner, and in the soft glow reflected from the orange-tinted mountain tops, they could see Mary and Mrs. Adams sitting working, and enjoying the soft, balmy evening air.

"Poor things!" said Dawson, involuntarily, as he heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction at seeing all so peaceful.

"Why poor things?" said Adams, smiling.

"It seems so hard a life for them out here in this desert."

"True; but we can soon mend it now. We came to get wealth, Dawson, and we have it."

"Yes," said the other; "and we have been lazy. We have not got half so much as we might have obtained. Frank, we must make them rich, and give them a future that shall make up for this. I have been horribly idle and indifferent, but to-morrow we will begin again."

"Better load up what we have and make our way back."

"No, not yet," said Dawson; "we must have more of that rich red gold. Frank, we must make our hay while the sun shines."

"True; but I am afraid of a coming shower. It seemed but just now that things were darkening for us, and our strange feelings a warning of danger to come."

"Nonsense, man! The dulness brought on by weariness, and the dampness of that cañon. I reckon there was no more in it than that. No; we'll go on collecting for a few days longer, and then pack up and take what we can. The valley may be stripped at our next visit. By the way, Larry, how are the mules?"

"The divils have all got as full of impudence and laziness as if they'd been born gintlemin, sor. They kick like grasshoppers, every one of 'em, and look as fat as butter. They think the valley a wonderful place."

No more was said, and they soon reached the tent, where Adams forbore to ask questions, lest he should excite unreasonable dread.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FLIGHT OF AN ARROW.

Early the next morning Larry was damming up a fresh hole—a larger one than any they had yet attacked—and soon after the water was plashing away as it was baled out with shovel and bowl. But it was breakfast-time before the pool was emptied, and the sand lay bare, with just a glittering fleck here and there, showing in the sun how rich a haul might possibly be made.

To save time, breakfast was brought down to them, and a merry meal it proved, as the laugh went round about their personal appearance—the ladies tanned with the sun, their dresses weather-stained, and their duties those of menial servants; the men looking like navvies, busy on the foundations of a river bridge, and all at a time when they knew themselves to be richer by far than many an aristocratic family of ancient line back in the old country.

Then, in the broiling sun, the work went on once more, and to their great delight they found this the richest of the pools they had drained. The sand seemed sown with little nuggets, water-worn and rounded, from the size of a shot to a tiny pea, and twice over the women went up loaded to the *caché*, while bowlful after bowlful of auriferous sand was washed and picked over.

It was a glorious task, out there in the free, bright mountain air, where every inhalation seemed to exhilirate and give fresh force to the jaded arms that wielded shovel or bowl.

At last, towards four o'clock, the last shovelful of sand was scraped out and washed, to prove richer than the first, water was let in, and the rocky hollow washed out, so as to display fresh scraps of gold lying shining in the various chinks and crevices of the hole. Then the ladies were despatched with their last load; and a fresh pool was dammed and the water diverted, Larry going to work again more merrily than ever, after a pipe; it being decided to drain this pool before they gave up for the night, and then they could commence early the next day.

In spite of all his efforts to appear cheerful, there was a sense of despondency hanging about

Dawson that he could not account for. He fell to blaming himself for not taking Adams's advice, and starting a day or two sooner, calling it an accursed thirst for riches which kept him there.

He sat and chatted for awhile to Mrs. Adams, till horrible fancies of what might be her sufferings, should they be attacked, drove him away, feeling like a murderer as he thought of the responsibility of those who were answerable for bringing those tender women there.

He then crossed over to where Mary was seated busily working as usual, and as he threw himself upon a rock at her feet, it was with the impression that there was more of gentleness in her eye, and that she seemed half pleased to see him; but her first words undeceived him, for they were cold and measured, save when talking of her brother and his wife, and then she brightened up for awhile, but only to cool down again, and Dawson left her with a sigh.

"Larry," said Dawson, going to where the Irishman had smoked himself into a state of restful ease; "Larry, I've a mind to get the mules together to-night. We'll go down the vale, and drive them up close there to the hut."

"An' sure they won't stay there, Mr. Dawson, sor, because the grass is so poor. Anyhow, we'll thry."

Starting together, then, they reached the spot where the last carefully-hobbled mule was feeding, and drove them up a little beyond the hut, the lower end of the valley having a barrier that they would not attempt to pass—namely, a wide stretch of desert sand.

After this, rest.

The morning was glorious, and at daybreak the three men were busy once more at their golden toil, laughing and talking and exulting over each new find, for there seemed to be no end to the wealth. As the gold was picked out they threw it into a handkerchief spread upon the rivulet side, for there was to be no help from the women this day until after breakfast; and they were seriously debating about making this their last day.

"There is the silver, even if the gold should be found," said Adams; and he laughed to think of how little value the white, shining metal had now in their eyes.

"Yes," said Dawson, as he picked out three or four nuggets from the bowl he held, and pitched them into a glistening heap as if they had been pebbles. "Yes, we'll make this the last day, load up to-morrow or next day, and then hey for civilisation."

After which Dawson sighed, stooped down to the water, and went on washing for gold.

"That's settled then?" said Adams; "we go to-morrow or next day."

"Yes, I agree," said Dawson.

"An' so do I," said Larry, in a low voice; then he sang out aloud—

"Wid his sprig of shilelagh an' shamrock so
green."

Then there was silence, the men toiling on energetically, as if determined to get all they could out of the rock pools that day, before they gave up the task.

"An' it seems a pity, too, to have so much good goold lying out in the sand and asking people to come and take it," said Larry. "Sure, but we'll come again."

"We must, Larry," said Dawson, stooping over a pan of sand. "We can only take about half away with us."

"Bedad! that's a bad job; but niver mind, we can asily find the place again wid that little compish of yours, sor. Sure that's a fine invintion, a little thing like that always pointing to where there's goold. I wonder the man who invinted it hasn't had a thry, and—By the howly Bridget and St. Kenan's well! who's that stickin' pins in me leg?"

"What is it, Larry;" said Dawson, quietly.

"Why, yer honour, I seemed to ketch my leg on a thorn and scratched it, only there aint none here. Sich a shting as it give me; and look it's blading. Oh, bedad, I'm kilt! It's one of them rattlesnakes, as owed me a grudge for knocking over their father or mother, stung me in the leg, and I'm a dead man!"

"Nonsense! a snake!" exclaimed Dawson and Adams together.

"Whizz!"

Something struck the rocks by the pool side stirring Adams's hair as it passed, so close was it to his cheek.

"Down on your knees!" cried Dawson, dragging at Adams, and the three men had just time to kneel down in the wet sand when another arrow, and another, fell close to them, while Larry drew a keenly-pointed, slender reed from the sand.

"That's the baste that grazed my leg," said Larry; "well, it's better than snakes, anyhow. Shoot away, me boys, you can't hurt us."

That they were attacked by Indians there was ample proof, for another arrow dropped in amongst them, breaking its point against the rock, while they lay in safety in their little fortification, where it was impossible for the best marksman amongst their foes to do more now than send a shaft almost at random towards where they were crouching.

"I can't see the divils," said Larry, peering cautiously over the edge of the rock; but there was no response, for Adams and Dawson were gazing into one other's eyes, each reading there the same terror, for one and the same thought had gone through their breasts like a knife:

"What of the women?"

It was no time for cursing their own folly in coming there unarmed. They might have been lulled into a feeling of safety; but had not an undefined sense of insecurity troubled them both lately, and they had not heeded it? But for the greed which they had felt they might have been far back on their homeward journey, while now——

They knew it all, but it was too late. What was to be done now, was the question. The first thought was that they should make a rush towards the tent; but that would be like betraying the position where the women lay, and there was a faint chance that they might not have been discovered; but this was so slight a hope that they cast it to the winds. They must reach the hut, come what may.

"To run would be certain death for one of us," said Adams, gloomily.

"Yes," said Dawson; "they are Indians, so we must be Indians for the time. How near can we get to the tent if we crawl along the stream, Larry, from pool to pool?"

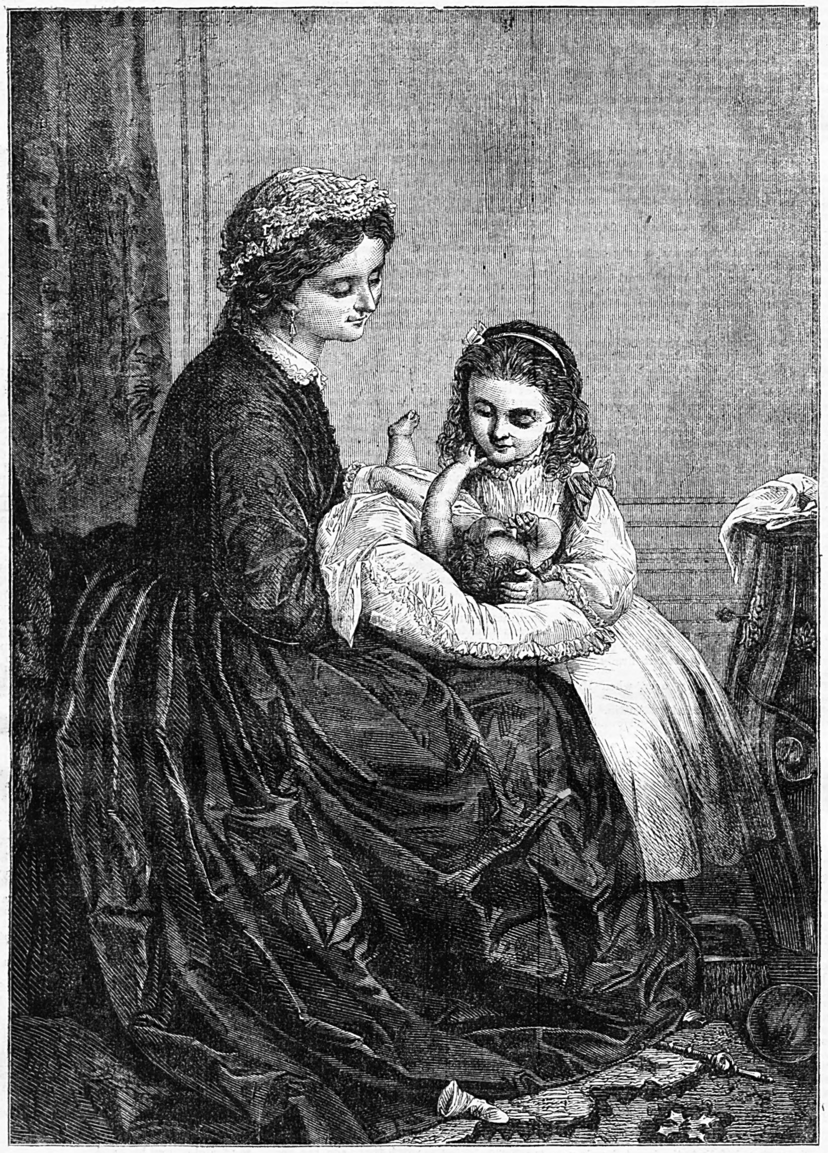
"About two hundred yards, yer honour, if we don't get drowned. Are ye going to try that way?"

"Without you can show a better, Larry."

"I was going to say that way, sor," said Larry. "Bedad, it's glad I am that we dhruv up them mules, Misther Dawson, sor, as they'd be making pincushions of 'em to stick their arrows in."

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed Adams, for Larry was leaning over the edge of the rock in a way that immediately drew two arrows, one of which went through his shirt, and the other struck against the opposite rock.

"Fire away," cried Larry; "who's afeard?" For he had attained his object, namely—a corner of the handkerchief in which they had thrown the gold that morning; and he was now drawing it gently towards him as he sank out of the enemy's sight.



THE CUSHION NEST.

"Never mind that now, Larry," said Adams, excitedly.

"But I do mind, yer honour," cried Larry, securing the spoil, and tying the hankerchief up with careful knots. "Look at the pitaytees a lot like that will buy, while thim haythin savages don't know its use."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Adams and Mary had been busily preparing the morning meal. They were light-hearted and happy, for it was an understood thing that they were soon to start on their return journey.

"And yet I like this wild life," said Mary; "these mountains, with their glorious tints, and the free air and absence of conventionality. I feel this morning as if a bird were busy in my heart, singing always of joy."

"It is curious how happy some people can be, while others about them are miserable."

A dull red glow spread over the face of Mary Adams, and she stood for a few moments perfectly silent.

"I know what you mean," she said at last, coldly, "but why do you trouble me about that?"

"Because I don't like to see you ill-use a brave, true-hearted man, who loves the very ground you walk on," said Mrs. Adams, with animation.

"Ill-use?" said Mary, quietly. "I never gave him word of encouragement. I have always behaved with kindness, but with studied coldness. If I thought he ——"

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Adams, with a smile. "Do you dislike him?"

"No," said Mary, sadly. "I think him a brave, unselfish fellow."

"But you think him ugly?"

"Indeed, no," said Mary, with animation. "I think him ——"

She stopped short, for she caught her sister's merry, laughing eye.

"Mary, you love him!"

"Indeed I do not," she exclaimed, indignantly.

"But you mean to try?"

"No," said Mary, firmly. "Why should I encourage a man, and lead him on only to afterwards make him wretched? I don't love him, and I feel I can't love him. There, I like him too well to give him my wretched cinder of a heart!"

Mrs. Adams's eyes twinkled as she went busily on with her task, and Mary saw it, colouring the while with anger as she asked herself whether she had been too demonstrative—whether she had said enough to make her sister think that matters might come to be adjusted in the way she evidently wished.

"There, don't glower at me like that, child," said the little woman, laughing up in the face of the "child," who smiled in return at the mischievous, happy look. "Now then, let's be ready; and then what do you say to going and hoisting a signal for them to come back? What was that?"

"One of the mules," said Mary, looking out of the hut door. "They were all feeding up the valley the first thing this morning; they are now grazing back. Perhaps Frank is coming."

"Not he," said Mrs. Adams, laughing—"he has got the gold fever too badly; he will not stir until we signal, or go and fetch them. He wanted us to take something down, and I said I would not, because it was bad for them to keep on work, work, there in the wet without a rest."

"You are quite right," said Mary, dreamily, for she was thinking over the past conversation.

"Isn't it comical," said Mrs. Adams, "this tidying up the hut? No tables, no chairs, no carpet. Isn't it like being Robinson Crusoes? But I say, Mary, how rich we must be now!"

"Yes, very," said Mary, quietly.

"Well, you don't seem very much pleased about it," said Mrs. Adams, laughing; "and yet yours will be a good share."

"Why should I?" said Mary, sharply. "What has money been to me, but something to make my life unhappy?"

"My dear Mary," said Mrs. Adams, affectionately, "do you think it is wise to go on mourning about the past when we've got the future before us? Say it was a horrible storm in this valley a month ago, and all was destruction and terror. Look at it now, all smiling sunshine, the fir trees rich with great red cones, the brushwood full of flowers, and the rocks covered with bright mosses and tiny herbs. Oh! what a picture I could paint about it if I had time, and we had not got to fetch them. Come along, the walk will do us good, and it will be a good half hour before we can get them back."

Hats were tied on, and they started along the valley side, keeping high up where the pine trees grew, for it was easier to traverse, rugged though it was. As for the lower part of the valley, where the stream ran, it was one wild climb over rocks and boulders united together with plants.

"I suppose we shall get back to England soon," said Mrs. Adams. "I don't know but what I would rather stay here."

"I would, I am sure," said Mary; and then they pressed on, saying little, for the exigences of their walk took up all their attention.

"Let's try this way," said Mrs. Adams; "it will be a nearer cut." And she led her sister round the lower side of a huge rock which stood up in their way; but they gained nothing by it, and to Mary's vexation, found that they must turn back, for the ground was more wild and rugged than ever.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams; "and I wanted to get to them quickly."

Turning back, they walked hurriedly towards the big rock, little thinking that this slight adventure had, perhaps, been the saving of their lives, for as they pushed on and came to a little grove of small firs and bushes through which they had to force their way, Mary, who was leading, stopped short, just in the act of parting the thick, elastic boughs, and remained there motionless.

Mrs. Adams was about to exclaim at her loudly, and bid her go on, but she was startled by the rigidity of the figure before her, and involuntarily crouched down close by her feet.

There was danger of some kind abroad. Perhaps they had been pursued by those ruffians and found at last.

Mrs. Adams shivered, for she suddenly remembered that the men had left pistols and rifles at the hut; and probably they would be intercepted before they could get back.

Perhaps, though, it was only a snake, and Mary was standing watching it, remaining still lest she should attract its attention. Frank had said there were numbers amongst the stones on the hill side.

At any rate she would see, and rising very softly and slowly, she crept forward to where the boughs were somewhat thinner, and there peered forth into the more open space, to become on the instant fascinated—rooted to the earth—by that which had seemed to turn her sister into stone; for there, not ten yards away, and apparently watching her with glittering eyes, his low, crafty, retreating forehead glistening in the sun, the lips drawn back from his teeth, giving an aspect of malice to his cruel mouth; his face smeared with grotesque lines of paint, and his coarse black hair hanging loosely down his back—there, arrow in one hand, bow in the other, and knife and hatchet in his belt, stood an Indian.

And they were alone.

(To be continued.)

A Tale of Horror.

The presiding magistrate of the quiet city of Chinhai (says the *Shanghai Courier*) was aroused from his dreamy slumbers by the appearance of a wife-deceived and avenging husband, who produced from a cloth wrapper two human heads, which represented his wife and her guilty companion. One version of the tragedy runs thus: The injured husband had, through his employment upon a steamer, been absent from home for long periods of time. during which the cause of evil was contracted, and at the close of the old year the husband, returning home to enjoy the usual festivities, found his neighbourhood all alive with the story of his wife's unfaithfulness. These live coals of tale-bearing gave additional heat to his anger, but he contrived to conceal his feelings from his wife, and hurriedly left home under the pretence of going to Hankow, but instead of leaving, he, with a few trusty friends, secreting themselves in the neighbourhood, prepared to obtain a cruel redress before the fire of his anger cooled down. The unfortunate man, ignorant of the fatal trap, entered the house of the woman, and both being surprised, were secured by the watchers, who speedily severed their heads from their bodies, and carried the former to the district magistrate. There will be a trial, but the whole piece of legislation is a mockery. The guilt or innocence of the murdered will be decided by a test. Both heads will be put into a large tub of water, and set in motion by vigorous stirring. If the heads meet face to face, behold a clear proof of guilt! If not, then all the worse for the avenger. Such is the power of custom. Custom more cruel than law—for it demands the death of both. It is said that if the man had but killed the intruder he would be liable to punishment for murder. But, having effected a double murder, he escapes with a mere formal whipping, and receives a reward of 20,000 cash. The district, to purge itself of such evil, destroys the bodies of the dead by cremation, and the very piece of ground rendered unclean by the evil must be ploughed up before the virtuous will venture to dwell there.

Hogarth's Chef-d'Œuvre.

The celebrated artist Hogarth was once applied to by an exceedingly wealthy, but very penurious, old nobleman, to paint the main hall of a new mansion with a historical piece—a style of embellishment much in vogue among the aristocracy of the period. Hogarth was open to the proposition, and was asked what he would charge to paint upon the walls of the hall a representation of the Passage of the Children of Israel across the Red Sea, pursued by Pharoah and his host. The painter viewed the hall, and replied that he would do it for one hundred guineas. The miserly old nabob turned up his nose in amazement at the enormous charge. He would give twenty guineas for the work; and that was more than he deemed it worth.

Hogarth, as may well be supposed, was both vexed and mortified by this estimate of the value of his labour; but he nodded, and held back his temper, and finally said, if the sum were paid to him in advance, he would undertake the job. The close-fisted nobleman consented to this arrangement, and he could not repress a chuckle of inward satisfaction in view of his grand bargain as he paid over the money. Hogarth pocketed the twenty gold pieces, and promised that he would commence the work on the morrow.

Bright and early on the following morning the artist appeared at the mansion, accompanied by a stout assistant who bore a huge bucket of common red paint, and at once they proceeded to daub the walls of the hall, and the panels and the dados, liberally with the glaring pigment.

An hour before noon, just as the nobleman was getting up from his bed, Hogarth knocked at his door, announcing, when the host appeared:

"Well, sir, the work is done."

"Done!" cried the astonished aristocrat. "What is done?"

"Why, the painting of your hall, sir."

Unable what to make of this marvellous expedition, the old knight threw on his dressing-gown, and went down to view the result of the artist's labours, and his consternation can be better imagined than described upon beholding the unbroken and unrelieved brick-red hue that covered walls and cornice and wainscot.

"What in the name of wonder, is this?" he cried, rubbing his eyes, and gazing from the daub to the dauber.

"That, sir," replied Hogarth, with a low bow, and with a serious look, "is the *Red Sea!*"

"The Red Sea? But—but—where are Pharoah and his host?"

"Why, sir—they are all drowned!" replied Hogarth.

"Well—and where are the Children of Israel?"

"They," said the painter, with an assuring nod, "*have all crossed over upon the other side!*"

The old niggard found it in vain to complain; and for producing the hosts of Egypt and the Israelites Hogarth finally received his hundred guineas.

The American Colony in Paris.

The American colony possess probably six women to one man, many of the families having no representative of the rude sex; in which case he is usually on the other side of the Atlantic toiling like a bee, to furnish the honey of life for his wife and daughters. This feature is subjected to some sharp criticism by Frenchmen, who hold that the place of the wife and daughter is beside the man who is providing for them, and there are Americans old-fashioned enough to agree with them. At the same time it furnishes an argument in favour of the American being one of the best of husbands and fathers, or if not the best, at least the most indulgent. At any rate, the pains and pleasures of this world seem to be unequally divided in such cases: while the head of the family is at home hard at work, his household lilies in Paris neither toil nor spin. A flying visit in summer seems to be his only compensation, and in some instances his appearance is almost mythical. The question which naturally presents itself is, what inducements have these families to live in this unsatisfactory, unhomelike fashion? One of the strongest is, perhaps, the desire to learn to speak French on the part of mother and daughters, the former going as resolutely to work as the younger members of her family, and bringing forth from memory the remnant of knowledge of her boarding-school, as an ancient warrior would bring out his old armour. It is deemed an essential point that the little people should acquire the "Parisian accent;" and if this is accomplished to the extent of causing the child to speak English with a French accent, there is joy in the household. Three years of French nurses, and of playing with their fellows in the Champs Elysée, often develop an amusing tongue, composed of dual mixture and linguistic insertion, in such phrases as: Je suis mad avec toi; Je ne te speakerai plus; Je ne te love pas; Will you jouer avec moi? Let us go voir le guignol, etc. This tickles the maternal ear. The daughters write home to the father, sweating in the harness, French letters with English idioms, and he is satisfied.—*Albert Rhodes.*

A COUNTRY editor, who was pestered with "contributions in verse" from a persistent rhymester till his patience gave out, wrote to his correspondent thus: "If you don't stop sending me your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day, with your name appended in full, *and send a copy to your gal's father!*" That poetical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

The Rivals.

"You think Austin has ceased to love you, Nellie?"

"I don't exactly mean that, Aunt Mary. But certainly Austin has changed. There was a time when he never left home in the evening; now he never stays at home an hour after dinner."

"It is a grave charge for so young a wife to make!"

"I wish it was only the foolish fancy you seem to imagine, Aunt Mary."

"I do not think it is altogether fancy, Nellie. But I want to get at the whole truth of the matter, and to see if we cannot find out the cause of this change. Surely Austin is not unkind to you."

"He is always finding fault, Aunt Mary!"

"With what, Nellie?"

"Oh, all sorts of things: the house, the baby, my dress."

"With no ground for complaint?"

The little wife blushed deeply, and made no answer. Mrs. Carstairs, her soft eyes bent lovingly upon her niece, said very gently:

"Where does Austin go in the evenings, Nellie?"

"He is at his sister Kate's a great deal, and—and—Kate says he is very fond of hearing Mrs. Gordon sing."

"Mrs. Gordon! Do I know her?"

"She was Rosa Willison, and is now a widow. Her brother is Kate's husband."

"Yes, yes. But Nellie, you play and sing far better than Rosa Willison."

"Not now, Aunt Mary. I never practice now."

"But Austin is so very fond of music. I am sure you cannot neglect yours, if you try to make home the most attractive place in the world for your husband."

Again that deep, burning blush.

"I don't think the piano has been opened for a year, Aunt Mary."

"Nellie!"

"So few married ladies keep up their music."

"But many are obliged to give up accomplishments to attend to the details of household duty. This is not your excuse, Nellie. Your husband's means allow you a good, competent girl, and Maggie is a jewel of a nurse. Do you really find your whole time taken up?"

"No. I could practice, but—but— Well, I scarcely know how I got out of the habit."

"Nellie, will you allow me to tell you a few plain, home truths without giving you offence?"

"Aunt Mary! Do you think you could offend me? Have you not stood in the place of confessor to me ever since I was a wee todling child? Say what you will."

"How long have you been married, Nellie?"

"Three years."

"And you think in that short time you have lost your husband's affection, at least in a measure. I do not think so, but I will tell you where I think the trouble lies. Austin, as you well know, was brought up and educated in a home where refined and elegant ladies presided over every detail. I think, dear, when he met you, he saw the same refinements, the same taste and gentle manners, that makes his sisters so much beloved in society, and such charming inmates of the home circle."

"Thanks to you, who filled a mother's place to me."

"I was very glad when Austin told me of his love for you, darling. I believed him to be an honourable, true man, one whose wealth was the least attraction to my Nellie."

"You were right. He was: he is all you thought him."

"He married you, believing he would carry to his future home one who would make it not merely a place to eat and sleep in, but a home of taste and refined pleasure. He made the mere house a gem, as I know; he brought into it a lady; and when I sailed for France there was in no circle of society a more charming drawing-room than Mrs. Austin, nor a more devoted husband than the one whose name that lady bore. I return, and you tell me all is changed. Nellie, is the fault all on your husband's side? Have you made his home what he hoped it would be?"

"No," said Nellie, in a low tone.

"When you come to see me again, dear, tell me you have won your husband back again. Rosa Willison was the rival of your girlhood, but she must not mar your married happiness. Let your husband see that the charms that won him can still hold his heart fast."

Very slowly Helen Huntley wended her way homeward through the hot, dusty streets. She was pondering over her aunt's words, the aunt whose love for her she knew was only second to a mother's. Too truly had she said that her husband had not found his hopes of a home fulfilled. As Helen reviewed the past year by the light of her newly roused conscience, she marvelled at the many instances of patient forbearance she recalled, and owned in her heart that the fault-finding of which she had complained was very gentle, and very often omitted where grave cause existed for it. It was hard to define exactly the day and hour when the household arrangements began to fall entirely into the hands of a servant, whose perfect neatness and competency were, it must be admitted, a strong temptation to a young mistress. It was difficult to say when Helen first found it too much trouble to dress for dinner unless company was expected, when the drawing-room was closed except for weekly cleaning, when the fine-toned piano was first doomed to silence and solitude.

As the young wife entered her own room after her long walk, fevered with the heat of the day and her own train of thought, the little clock upon the mantel-piece warned her that she had only two hours' time before her husband would be at home to dinner. It required an exercise of all her newly roused resolutions to refrain from throwing herself upon the bed to rest; and surely her long walk was a good and sufficient excuse for this indulgence.

The large airy room, cool and dusky, was very inviting, but Helen thrust aside the temptation. Hastily divesting herself of her walking dress, she put on a loose wrapper, and hurried to the drawing-room.

Half an hour there altered materially the aspect of affairs, for Helen wanted neither neatness nor taste when she chose to exert them.

A visit to the nursery and two-year-old Austy; and then returning to her room, the little woman proceeded to make her own toilet, recalling her husband's favourite colours, and exerting her own taste. A crisp, cool, white muslin, ruffled and trimmed, as fashion dictated, with knots of blue ribbon at throat and belt, and confining the luxuriant waving brown hair, transformed the pretty face and figure, and brightened Helen into a most attractive hostess.

Only ten minutes left for the dining room. Jane was sure to have a well-cooked dinner, and a neatly-arranged table, but a few touches here and there removed all the stiff primness of Jane's work, while a tall vase of June roses made the dining-room fragrant and pleasant.

When Austin Huntley opened his hall door with his usual weary sigh, his foot had scarcely passed the threshold when a pleasant sense of rest and relief crept over him. The long-closed doors of the drawing-room stood wide open. The half-closed blinds of the open windows admitted the cool evening breezes, softly stirring the lace curtains; vases and saucers of fresh, fragrant flowers stood here and there, and upon the open piano were scattered loose sheets of music.

In this pleasant room a chubby boy in white was running to meet papa, while a smiling wife spoke a few gentle words of welcome. No fretful woman with untidy dress and rough hair, no boy banished to the nursery to-night.

George was a philosopher. He made no comment, but Nellie felt the added tenderness of his kiss, noted the admiring looks in his eyes, and felt that her work was appreciated.

Dinner passed off pleasantly. Encouraged by her success so far, Nellie chatted gaily, and Austin found himself lingering over the dessert of fresh fruits till long after his usual time for leaving the table.

"You are not going out?" Nellie said, as she saw Austin advancing ominously toward the hat rack.

"I was going to Kate's. Will you not come too?"

"I would rather have you here."

"Then I will stay. You have the first claim, madame," and he bowed with graceful, though laughing, formality.

"Thanks. I was thinking how long it was since we had a game of backgammon."

"I hoped you were going to play for me," with a glance at the piano.

"I will. To-night you must remember that I am out of practice, but afterward I will not claim that indulgence. To-morrow I will resume daily practice."

"I wish you would," was the earnest reply. "It has really grieved me to see such musical talent and culture as yours being wasted."

It was a cause for regret. Even in that open prelude the skilful fingers regained some of their cunning and force, and when at last Nellie said she was tired, both were amazed to find two hours had flown by.

A few games of backgammon, a song or two, and it was time to retire.

Instead of a lonely, hurried breakfast the next morning, Austin found Nellie, in a neat morning dress, presiding over the table, as in the days when housekeeping had the charm of novelty.

Three weeks passed away, and then Kate came to spend an evening with her brother, accompanied by the pretty widow, Mrs. Gordon.

Nellie had scarcely admitted to herself why she chose her softest and prettiest muslin for that evening's wear; why she was so very careful in the arrangement of her hair in the way her husband declared so becoming to her face; why she selected her prettiest set of jewellery, and crisp new ribbons for hair and necktie. But Austin, as his visitors entered the room, could not refrain from the comparison between Nellie and Rosa and a throb of exhultation at the thought that he had chosen well.

Pique, or a more ignoble impulse, prompted the dashing widow to exert all her fascinations. She played brilliantly; she sang well; she chatted with wit and vivacity; but Nellie met her bravely upon her own ground, and conquered her. Her musical attainments far surpassed the widow's showy, superficial playing, and her voice was full of depth and feeling. Not once did she waver. Her husband's heart was the stake for which she played, and though she knew it had never strayed far from its lawful allegiance, she wanted it firmly fixed upon herself.

The evening was nearly over, when Kate said:

"You have quite deserted us, Austin. It is three weeks since you have spent an evening at our house."

"Impossible! It cannot be so long."

Nellie turned her head away to hide her glad smile of triumph.

"But it is," Kate persisted; "we were counting the days this morning."

"I will come with Nellie some evening next week. Where has the time flown, Nell?"

"There were two evenings at the theatre," Nellie said, demurely.

"Yes, and we have been learning some new duets. And I am reading Swinburne's last new poem aloud to Nellie, and we are contriving some additions for the conservatory, that take time to calculate and plan. Then Nellie is helping me about some papers that I want to get in order, and——"

"Stop! Stop! You are pardoned!" Kate cried, laughing at her brother's earnest face. "Only, when these pursuits will allow you to spare one evening, pray remember that you have a sister. Nell, Walter was saying last week he wanted to hear you sing that Brindisi he used to admire so much. I am so glad you have taken up your music again. We were all so proud of it."

"I mean to keep my practice up now," Nellie said. "Austy is getting so big that mamma cannot make him an excuse for laziness any longer."

So, with promises for an evening at Kate's soon, the party separated, Austin escorting the ladies home.

Nellie sat thoughtfully in the deserted parlour, wondering if her husband would soon return, or be detained by Mrs. Gordon's charms till a still later hour.

The full time to be allowed for the walk had passed, and a doubt was creeping into the wife's heart, when a ringing step upon the pavement, light bounding feet upon the steps, and the rattling of the latch-key in the lock, announced her husband's return.

"Waiting for me, dear?" he said.

"You have come home quickly," she answered.

For answer, he took her into his arms, and, while he looked longingly into her eyes, he sang in a low, sweet voice:

"There 's no place like home."

So Nellie won her victory, and she kept the advantage gained.

Two travellers took refuge underneath the bedclothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitos, until, being nearly suffocated, one of them ventured to peep forth, and by chance espied a firefly which had strayed into the room. "We might as well come out, Tom," said he to his companion; "we cant hide any longer, for here's one of the crayters searching for us with a lantern."

Wholesale Presentation.—The Tuileries, particularly toward the end of the Second Empire, was very accessible to Americans, the Minister of the United States presenting as many as fifty at a time, most of whom were women. To recollect the name of each on such occasions was naturally no easy matter to their representative. Once his memory failed him after the first three or four names, when, with a wave of his hand toward the long line of his people, he added: "The rest are all my countrywomen, your Majesty." Louis Napoleon bowed to the whole line, each member of which made a simultaneous dip, and the presentation was concluded.

Historic Hostelries.

An "Elegy in a Country Tavern" has yet to be written by some disciple of Mr. Gray, with chambers in Pump-court, instead of Pembroke College. When, therefore, I enter one of these old hostelries of famous repute, I feel inclined to remove my hat and repeat a mental *ave* to the departed company of glorious old fellows who cracked their jokes and sipped their punch so many years ago.

It is a never-failing delight to remember that these houses were once frequented by gentlemen in cocked-hats, bag-wigs, small-swords, and the like, and that the conversation, graceful and polished, was such as is now never heard except in legitimate comedy as presented at some of our first-class theatres. How we should stare to be accosted by some Jack Wilkes, Sam Foote, or Davy Garrick, in ruffles and laced waistcoat, with leg advanced in artistic pose, and negligently tapping a jewelled snuff-box! And how vapid our social chatter seems after a brilliant drawing-room conversation in *She Stoops to Conquer*, or an evening with the author of the "Spectator!"

Some people have a mania for visiting apartments in which celebrated personages have succumbed to the grim foe of mortality. Others prefer the lugubrious associations of the church-yard, with its story of baffled hopes and, perhaps, happy release from a struggle for mere existence. To my mind there is quite as much sense and far more poetry in communion with the grand old men of the past in the haunts of their happier hours, consecrated by the plesantest of memories, and where the approaches of life's enemy were combated with unflagging stomachs. For the time, at least, we can put aside whatever might have embittered their lives, to listen to their formal toasts, their rattling choruses, or sparkling wit, and maybe in one of those nightly carousals of which the present generation has little conception. For a *tête-à-tête* with phantoms my preference, as between the willows and dank grass of the church-yard, and a snug corner at the "Cock" or "Wayside," is unquestionably given to the latter.

What the subject is capable of has often been shown. We mount our palfrey in the court-yard of the Tabard with the Canterbury pilgrims, the company marshaled by

> "Old Chaucer's boast, the goodly host,
> Immortal Harry Bailly!"

We loiter with Dryden at Will's Coffee-house, where he sits among the critics, the law-giver in all literary disputes. We enjoy many a hearty laugh at the Mitre, in Fleet-street, where Boswell tells us Johnson loved to sit up late—*àpropos*, what a nice young man for a tea-party was Bozzy, and how we could have enjoyed seeing him snubbed by burly Sam!—and, last but not least, we linger about the ricketty galleries of the White Hart, in the Borough, where Jack Cade made his head-quarters, and Dickens first introduced us to Samuel Weller, the younger, and where the machinations of designing Alfred Jingle were thwarted by our *preux chevalier* Pickwick. A place in those days above the salt was no such bad thing after all.

Mr. Tennyson, in that inimitable monologue which has given additional relish to every Englishman's mutton-chops or pint of port, has introduced us to his muse under the exhilarating influence of the blazing hearth and good cheer of the hostel. He tells the waiter, "a something pottle-bodied boy," that, when he dies:

> "No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,
> Shall show thee passed to heaven;
> But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,
> A pint-pot neatly graven."

Mine host has been celebrated in song and story in the most ancient chronicles and poesy. The heart instinctively warms at the mention of his name, for to his care was confided that most sensitive of organs—to wit, the stomach. Not one of these worthy landlords was ever known to fall, like Vatel, upon his sword, because there was not enough roast-meat.—*Samuel A. Drake.*

The Piano Mania.

The prevalent mania for the piano does not arise, as might be inferred, from musical enthusiasm. That would be a favourable sign. It is dictated by fashion—it is held to be an accomplishment; hence the mania. A girl's education, whatever her other attainments, is thought to be incomplete unless she plays. When she plays, the solid and æsthetic branches may be neglected—there is grace sufficient in her power to disturb the keys vigorously, and torture listeners with ill-executed fantasias. She may be deplorably ignorant of the history of her own country; she may not write a grammatical letter; she may have a bad pronunciation; she may dress like a dowdy; her manners may be conspicuously faulty; but, then, she has been so absorbed with Chopin and Schumann, and has rendered them so often, that she has not a ghost of an idea of their significance. She can tell her friends by the hour how little she knows of the composers; and yet her acquaintance with them is so much greater than with aught else, that, by contrast, she appears absolutely learned.

Contemporaneous mothers seem more concerned about their daughters' "practising" than about their reading, their breeding, or their associations. It is the first thing they inquire after in the morning, and the last thing at night. "Mary, my dear, have you practised to-day?" is a stereotyped question in many households; and Mary, whether in the mood or not, is banished to the music-room for a stint of dolorous insipidities. Having discharged that solemn duty, she may do as she likes for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. No further maternal interest is taken in her until the "practising" period returns. Then consuming solicitude rebegins, and continues up to the time the last bar is struck of that over-familiar air.

Who that has ever dwelt beneath a roof where "practising" was rife, but remembers it with execration? For a few days or weeks it may not be unpleasant; but, when it goes on through months and seasons with endless iteration, human patience gives way; the assailed ear recoils; fugacity suggests itself as the one thing desirable. A piano becomes associated with obnoxiousness; the sight of it grows painful, for it is transfigured into an instrument of torture.

The man who walked three miles through the snow to kick a piano had manifestly suffered from "practising." He may have been a piano-maniac, but there are many who, in the primitive meaning of the verb, sympathise with him fully. The piano, as mastered by Listz, Von Bulow, or Rubinstein, is a wonder of delight; the piano, as teased by a school-girl, is a supreme pest.—*Junius H. Browne.*

Count De Lille's Adventures.

In the year of the French Revolution, 1792, a young man of good birth, fine education, and of good address, who was glad to escape with his life from those dreadful scenes of carnage that were being enacted in Paris, went to America. He was tall, lithe, and handsome, with the manners and the hands of an aristocrat. Finding nothing to do, for he was prepared by education for no labour whereby he could earn a livelihood, and the physical labour of the docks was so much better done by the negroes, that he could not stand the competition, he finally gave up in despair; and while he had money for the few implements needed, he started for the Oneida country, where he cut down a few saplings and built himself a shelter from the weather. He endeavoured to support himself by fishing, shooting and trapping, but had made little progress when he was stricken down with fever. His end seemed to have come; nothing could be done. He was alone and helpless, and commending himself to the care of heaven, he laid himself down to die.

On the other side of the wood near which he had built his hut, but hidden entirely from his view, there lay an Indian village. One afternoon an Indian maiden, out berrying, espied the hut of the stranger, and naturally peered into it. Hearing no noise, and seeing no one, she finally entered, and beheld a handsome man lying prone, very pale, and apparently dead. Her woman's heart was touched with pity, and, glancing around the hut, she noticed the want of all comforts. She saw, too, that though insensible, he was still alive.

The young girl paused not to think of his nation or his tribe. Her fleet feet took her back to her wigwam, whence she returned with milk, rum, and a robe and blanket. With the latter she covered him, and, pouring a little rum down his throat, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and sat still and watched him there. Presently he opened his fine eyes, and gave her a dim, wandering, wondering look. But he was faint; he saw, however, in the large, lustrous, black, deep-set eyes of the squaw legibly written, "Thou shalt not die forsaken, stranger."

She administered to him of the restoratives she had brought, and signified to him as well as she could that he must sleep now, and that she would return after a while and see him. He saw in the kind, anxious solicitude of his nurse that he was cared for—that God had sent an angel to him in answer to his prayer.

In a couple of hours the Indian girl returns to her stranger patient with food and medicines for the night. She finds him very weak and feeble, but much better; she makes him eat something, and gives him to understand, by eye and pantomime, that he must sleep, and she will see him as early as possible next morning; she then makes him as comfortable as she can, and with a happy smile and a cheerful heart trips back to her wigwam.

In the morning the Indian girl tells her mother about the stranger. At first she is doubtful and suspicious, but she goes with her daughter to see the stranger, when her heart warms to the handsome and young, but very sick, pale face, and with true womanly feeling, she busies herself about the sick man, who, she finds, has a great deal of fever, and is really ill. She leaves her daughter to watch by him, and goes to seek her husband, who comes to him. The old warrior pities the pale face, and they remove him to their own wigwam for better nursing, where he leaves him to the women to make him well.

In three weeks good nursing brought him round, and he was a man again in all but strength. The patient endurance of the count, with his quiet, graceful manners, had won upon the little community, and Nanita herself found a pang in her heart and a sigh on her lips at the mention of his departure. She had taught him somewhat of their language. He felt grateful to his nurse and benefactress; while she—why is it, O woman! that the bird that we nurse is the bird that we love?—though she knew it not as yet, loved him.

The old warrior, after breakfast one morning, said:

"Stranger, the time has come when you should no longer be a stranger to us. You have a name in your own country; what may it be?"

"Arthur De Lille they call me in my own country."

That name fell on one heart, engraven as with an iron pen upon a rock for ever.

"Then, Arthur De Lille," said the chieftain, "stay with our people another moon. Hunt with us, fish with us, go to our council fires, smoke with us, then go back to your own country. Or if you like the red man's life, and will cast your lot with us, we will adopt you into our tribe. You shall be my son; you shall be a hunter and a warrior. Adopt our customs and our costumes, and we will give you a wife from our tribe."

Nanita explained what he did not understand to De Lille, who, turning to the chieftain, said:

"It is well said, O chieftain. It shall be so;" and offered his hand.

They smoked a pipe together. And the understanding was complete.

Arthur de Lille grew from convalescence to robust health rapidly. He walked, he wrestled, he ran, with the young Indians, where his great height was of much advantage to him. His education in the school of the athletes, and in fencing and shooting in Paris, now became of great service to him. With returning health he developed great physical power; the Indians were proud of him; he was their equal in all sports, their superior in many things.

As the time approached for his decision, De Lille went to the old warrior, and said:

"De Lille wants to go into retreat for three days, to consider his decision which is at hand. He wants to be alone, to consider the past and the future, to consult the Great Spirit."

"De Lille speaks wisely," said the chieftain. "It shall be so. No one shall speak to thee, to ask anything of thee, for three days."

And it was so ordered. He took his gun and went to the top of a mountain, and there considered his situation. He reviewed the civilised savages of France, destroying everything that was good. Then he turned to the peaceful civilisation of the savages going on around him, and thought of what he should lose, nay, had lost, in France; then of the life of toil and labour before; then of its freedom—the joyous, wild life of the Indian.

He thought how he had been snatched from death at home, how he had suffered in New York, and since; how now, by this Indian woman, he had been brought from death to life; and he looked up to the Great Spirit, and prayed, "Direct me in all my doings with thy most gracious favour, and further me with thy continual help." Then he laid him down to rest and think. For three days he continued the meditations that were to fix a life, and at length rose from the ground rejoicing in a psalm of praise: "I am an Indian," he said. "I thank thee, Father, for this revelation of thy will."

The mind thus made up is fixed for ever, and it was so with De Lille. He now sought the accomplishment with avidity. On his way home he spoke to every one he met, and meeting the old warrior, he said:

"I am an Indian; embrace me."

"Welcome, my son." And he embraced him.

De Lille told him that whatever ceremonies were necessary he was ready for them.

"I'll settle it at a council of the braves to-night," was the reply.

"You promised me a wife," said De Lille. "Give me Nanita? One moon from my adoption into the tribe, I'll take her."

"My son, we must see what she says to that; but I'll not object."

They entered the wigwam, carrying sunshine into it. He strode up to Nanita's mother and kissed her. He went up to Nanita, and said:

"Nanita, I am an Indian! Help me to be a good one."

Her bright eyes danced in ecstacy, as she threw herself on his bosom and wept there. He looked round, and the mother was weeping on the old man's bosom. Even the old warrior's eye was moist; but they were blissful tears that these people shed.

De Lille was adopted into the tribe with the usual ceremonies, and great rejoicing was there on the occasion; and at the feast of sweets, when the maple sugar ran, he brought Nanita home to his wigwam as his wife. She proved a good wife; always smiled upon him, and bore him many children. The blessing of the Great Spirit had come with her.

De Lille became a great chieftain among the Indians. His superior education, his knowledge of French, English, and the Indian dialect became of great value with the tribes; and he kept his own tribe at peace with the whites, and he was much respected by the American Government. Thus he lived twenty years.

He visited New York, where he learned so much of the restored tranquillity of France as to beget the hope that some of the broad lands he left there might be restored to him, and he was not mistaken. He sent one of his sons to France to be educated. He sent another to be educated in Columbia College, who afterwards became a prominent lawyer in New York.

He stayed with his tribe, a useful and valuable man. He was universally respected as a faithful ally of the American Government, and so he continued to his death, in 1835.

He was restored to his titles by Louis XVIII., when our squaw friend became the Countess de Lille. She visited France with her husband, and was well received. She returned to America and spent her life in elegant luxury, on a large estate in the neighbourhood of the spot where she first saw her husband. She survived him, and dying, he blessed her, and thanked God for the early troubles which brought him such changed ideas and such an angel wife.

"Truly, my dear," he said, "behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face."

His son and hers is a titled man in France.

At Peace.

I.

Green trees, and quiet fields, and sunset light,
With holy silence, save for rippling leaves,
And birds that twitter of the coming night,
Calling their mates, beneath my cottage eaves—
These Fate hath granted for a little space
To be companions of my pilgrimage,
Filling my grateful heart with Nature's grace.

II.

Not unremembered here the garish stage,
Nor the wild city's uproar, nor the race
For gain and power in which we all engage;
But here remembered dimly, in a dream,
As something fretful that hath ceased to fret—
Here, where time lapses like a gentle stream,
Hid in the woodland's heart, and I forget
To note its music and its silver gleam.

III.

But never, never let me cease to know,
O whispering woods and daisy-sprinkled grass,
The beauty and the peace that you bestow,
When the wild fevers of ambition pass,
And the worn spirit, in its gloom and grief,
Sinks on your bosom and there finds relief.

—*William Winter.*

An Island of Gold.

We have ceased to be surprised at any story of auriferous wealth that reaches us from the Pacific Coast. The San Francisco *Chronicle* of a recent date says:

Yesterday afternoon the schooner Nautilus cleared from this port for a voyage to the Northern Pacific. She goes on a gold-hunting expedition, but not in search of a pirate treasure or a golden-laden wreck or any such hopeless enterprise, as we learn. It appears that a few months ago a Captain Johnson and a Mr. Langstein returned to San Francisco from a fishing voyage, and with them they brought a few pieces of gold and silver ore, and some specimens of galena. To a few friends, in whom they had confidence, they told that while on their voyage Mr. Johnson, being first officer of the vessel, they came upon a certain island in the Japanese group, and went ashore. Having had experience in mining they ere long recognised the signs of gold, and, armed with a hatchet, did such prospecting as they could, and found rich gold and silver-bearing ledges. Returning to the vessel they kept their own counsel. The reader may ask why they did not enrich themselves there and then, by bringing away a quantity of gold. To this Mr. Johnson replies that to do so he would necessarily have to take his captain into his confidence, besides which, all the gold with which the vessel might be laden would belong to the shipowners. His tale told to his friends in this city, they combined to send an expedition to the island of gold. A company with 9000 shares was formed by a number of well-known gentlemen, who contributed cash to the enterprise. The schooner Nautilus was purchased and fitted up with all the necessary provisions, implements, arms, &c., necessary for a long voyage and mining work. Captain Johnson was put in command and Langstein was made mate. Both of these serve without any compensation, and give their time—which will certainly be six months, and may be more—gratis. This the gentlemen consider one of the best guarantees of good faith, as the only reward which the men will receive will be three thousand shares of the company's stock, should the information which they have imparted prove correct. The ore which they brought assayed: Gold, 1343 59 dols.; silver, 53 15 dols.; total, 1496 74 dols. per ton; the galena assayed 36 12 dols. per ton.

Ten men make up the expedition, including two mining experts, and the schooner is only of forty-five tons burden, so that the quarters will be pretty close; but all went off in high spirits, and confident of riches in the near future.

Two Roads to Mary's Door.

A mother sat in her cottage door,
Though the bell for nine had tolled,
And she silently watched the floating clouds,
Where the moon in grandeur rolled;
And she sighed, "Ah, me! where can he be?
My boy was never so late!
With the bell's first stroke I always list
His hand on the garden gate."

Then the crickets chirped, "He is lost—is lost!"
While the birds in the old elm tree
Peeped over the rims of their great brown nests,
And twittered, "Where can he be?"
And the house-dog came and gazed in her face,
With kindly, pitying eyes,
And solemnly marched to the close-latched gate,
And whined his grave surprise.

And the good man mused in his chair alone,
While his smoke rolled in wreaths away,
And wondered what mother could see in the moon,
And what led the boy to stay.
And John? Six feet of muscle and frame,
Rounded out on the amplest plan.
The old couple still fondly termed the boy.
But the girls—a nice young man!

But hark! his echoing, manly tread,
Rings out on the still night air,
Click, click, and his hand, on the swinging gate,
Soothes their hearts like an evening prayer:
And in answer to questioning looks he says,
"You know Mary was down to-night,
And I thought I would see her safely home!
I'll be up with the morning's light."

"Humph!" said the old man, "that road grows long!
When a lad, his nimble feet
Flew over and back, as an arrow wings
Its way on a mission fleet.
Now, when he might measure at every stride
A league, he starts at seven,
To take Mary over the self-same road,
And can't get home till eleven!"

Then the good wife smiled as her thoughts flew back
O'er their vanished spring-time hours,
When they, too, had loitered along life's way,
And plucked the nodding flowers.
And she tenderly thought of a withered spray
That her Bible clasped around,
Though she spoke no word, for she felt her boy
Was treading on holy ground.

John knew they spoke of the dusty track
That men plodded up and down;
The smooth, straight road, that led past both homes,
And then stretched away through the town,
But the rippling smiles like sunlight flashed
O'er a face all alight before,
As *he* thought of a *winding* emerald path,
That led to Mary's door.

That path was a long, bright, blossoming way,
And an arm had encircled her waist,
The better for whispering Love's tale in her ear,
The better Love's sweets to taste:
And while tardy feet had prolonged the bliss
True lovers delight to live o'er,
He had won a bride to go forth with him,
Some day, from Mary's door.

—*Louise S. Upham.*

Literary Rambler.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S GENIUS.

Hawthorne's Puritan blood shows itself in sympathy, not with the stern side of the ancestral creed, but with the feebler characters upon whom it weighed as an oppressive terror. He resembles in some degree poor Clifford Pyncheon, whose love of the beautiful makes him suffer under the stronger will of his relatives and the prim stiffness of their home. He exhibits the suffering of such a character all the more effectively because, with his kindly compassion, there is mixed a delicate flavour of irony. The more tragic scenes affect us, perhaps, with less sense of power; the playful, though melancholy, fancy seems to be less at home when the more powerful emotions are to be excited; and yet once, at least, he draws one of those pictures which engrave themselves instantaneously on the memory. The grimmest or most passionate of writers could hardly have improved the scene where the body of the magnificent Zenobia is discovered in the river. Every touch goes straight to the mark. The narrator of the story, accompanied by the man whose coolness has caused the suicide, and the shrewd, unimaginative Yankee farmer, who interprets into coarse, downright language the suspicions which they fear to confess to themselves, are sounding the depths of the river by night in a leaky punt with a long pole. Silas Foster represents the brutal, commonplace comments of the outside world, which jar so terribly on the more sensitive and closely-interested actors in the tragedy. "Heigho!" he soliloquises, with offensive loudness, "life and death together make sad work for us all. Then I was a boy, bobbing for fish; and now I'm getting to be an old fellow, and here I be, groping for a dead body! I tell you what, lads, if I thought anything had really happened to Zenobia, I should feel kind o' sorrowful." That is the kind of sympathy one gets from the Silas Fosters of the world, who insist upon forcing their discordant chorus upon us, like the gravediggers in *Hamlet*. At length the body is found, and poor Zenobia is brought to the shore with her knees still bent in the attitude of prayer, and her hands clenched in immitigable defiance. Foster tries in vain to straighten the dead limbs. As the teller of the story gazes at her, the grimly-ludicrous reflection occurs to him that if Zenobia had forseen all "the ugly circumstances of death—how ill it would become her, the altogether unseemly aspect which she must put on, and especially old Silas Foster's efforts to improve the matter—she would no more have committed the dreadful act than have exhibited herself to a public assembly in a badly-fitting garment. This is a true touch of genius.—*Hours in a Library.*

LONDON YOUNG WOMEN.

Painful it was, to one accustomed to the ruddy, well-grown peasant-girl, stalwart, even when, as often, squat and plain, to remark the exceedingly small size of the average young woman; by which I do not mean mere want of height—that is a little matter—but want of breadth likewise; a general want of those large frames, which indicate usually a power of keeping strong and healthy, not merely the muscles, but the brain itself. Poor little things! I passed hundreds—I pass hundreds every day—trying to hide their littleness by the nasty mass of false hair—or what does duty for it—and by the ugly and useless hat which is stuck upon it, making the head thereby look ridiculously large and heavy; and by the high heels on which they totter onward, having forgotten, or never learnt, the simple art of walking; their bodies tilted forward in that ungraceful attitude which is called—why that name of all others?—a "Grecian bend;" seemingly kept on their feet, and kept together at all, in that strange attitude, by tight stays which prevented all graceful and healthy motion of the hips or sides; their raiment, meanwhile, being purposely misshapen in this direction and that, to hide—it must be presumed—deficiencies of form. If that chignon and those heels had been taken off, the figure which would have remained would have been that too often of a puny girl of sixteen. And yet there was no doubt that these women were not only full grown, but some of them, alas! wives and mothers. Poor little things. And this they have gained by so-called civilisation: the power of aping the "fashions" by which the worn-out Parisienne hides her own personal defects; and of making themselves, by innate want of that taste which the Parisienne possesses, only the cause of something like a sneer from many a cultivated man; and of something like a sneer, too, from yonder gipsy woman who passes by, with bold bright face and swinging hip, and footstep stately and elastic; far better dressed, according to all true canons of taste, than most town-girls; and thanking her fate that she and her "Rom" are no house-dwellers and gaslight-seers, but fatten on free air upon the open moor. But the face which is beneath that chignon and that hat? Well—it is sometimes pretty, but how seldom handsome, which is a higher quality by far. It is not, strange to say, a well-fed face. Plenty of money, and perhaps too much, is spent on those fine clothes. It had been better, to judge from the complexion, if some of that money had been spent in solid wholesome food. She looks as if she lived—as she too often does, I hear—on tea and bread-and-butter, or rather on bread with the minimum of butter.—*Charles Kingsley.*

SECOND-HAND BOOK-SHOP IN PARIS.

There is a certain second-hand book-shop on the opposite side of the Boulevards des Italiens which draws me by a wholly irresistible attraction. Had I started on that side, I should have gone no farther. I should have looked, lingered, purchased, and gone home to read. But I know my weakness. I have reserved the book-shop for my return-journey, and now, rewarded and triumphant, compose myself for a quiet study of its treasures.

And what a book-shop it is! Not only are its windows filled—not only are its walls a very prospective of learning—but square pillars of volumes are built up on either side of the door, and an immense supplementary library is erected in the open air, down all the length of a dead-wall adjoining the house.

Here, then, I pause, turning over the leaves of one volume, reading the title of another, studying the personal appearance of a third, and weighing the merits of their authors against the contents of my purse. And when I say "personal appearance," I say it advisedly; for book-hunters are skilled Lavaters in their way, and books, like men, attract or repel at first sight. Thus it happens that I love a portly book, in a sober coat of calf; but hate a thin, smart volume, in a gaudy binding. The one promises to be philosophic, learnedly witty, or solidly instructive; the other is tolerably certain to be pert and shallow, and reminds me of a coxcombical lackey in bullion and red plush. On the same principle, I respect leaves soiled and dog's-eared, but mistrust gilt edges; love an old volume better than a new; prefer a spacious book-stall to all the unpurchased stores of Paternoster-row; and buy every book that I possess at second-hand. Nay, that it is second-hand is, in itself, a passport to my favour. Somebody has read it before; therefore it is readable. Somebody has derived pleasure from it before; therefore I open it with a student's sympathy, and am disposed to be indulgent ere I have perused a single line. There are cases, however, in which I incline to luxury of binding. Just as I had rather have my historians in old calf, and my chroniclers in black letter, so do I delight to see my modern poets, the Benjamins of my affections, clothed in coats of many colours. For them no moroccos are too rich, and no "toolings" too elaborate. I love to see them smiling on me from the shelves of my book-cases, as glowing and varied as the sunset through a painted oriel.—*Amelia B. Edwards.*

The Ladies' Own Corner.

(*From "Le Follet."*)

MATERIALS IN DEMAND.

Fashion still decrees that where the material is very simple, elaborate façon in trimmings may be employed to make the toilette effective; but when rich and handsome fabrics are employed, they do not require the "foreign aid of ornament" to such an extent. The washing materials of this season are charming, and appear in a variety of lovely colours; they are, of course, trimmed in such a manner as to allow of their being washed without removing all the ornaments. For this purpose nothing is more suitable, and at the same time elegant, than openwork embroidery, and of this an immense quantity is used.

The striped linens are in immense demand, and a charming morning toilette, very inexpensive in spite of its elegance, of an under-skirt, sleeves, and trimmings of plain colour, polonaise without sleeves, or tunic and sleeveless jacket of white or very pale-coloured linen with a stripe of the colour of the under skirt. The only mixture of patterns allowed consists of one part of the toilette being made with broad stripes, the other with narrow; but these must be of the same colour, and the lighter reserved for the upper portion of the costume. Washing sateen and batiste is also very much used for petticoats under white muslin dresses.

White muslin, notably Indian, will be immensely worn when the weather permits so cool a material, and a variety of toilettes for all purposes and styles will be made of them. For outdoor wear they will be accompanied by some elegant mantelet of the same material, such as the "Marie Antoinette" or "Charlotte Corday" fichu, except in those cases where a sleeveless jacket of the same colour and materials as the trimmings or under-skirt is worn. Even this arrangement is more elegant when covered with muslin.

BODICES.

The bodices of dresses are made very close-fitting, the basques setting tightly at the front and hips, and buttoned all the way down. The "Jeanne d'Arc" bodice, the newest of the cuirasse shape, is made with a round basque very closely fitting on the hips; the sleeves are nearly tight-fitting, with a rounded band at the elbow and cuffs. Across the shoulders is a similar band; in fact, the bodice really closely resembles the cuirasse in which "Joan of Arc" is generally represented. The waists are decidedly longer, and whalebones are again used. Low bodices are also very much whaleboned and laced at the back. Silk fourreaux over muslin or thin material are excessively elegant. The fourreaux is a tightly-fitting bodice and upper skirt, cut together without any drapery or plaiting; this style requires perfection of cut and façon to set well over the voluminous tournures of the present day. The charming gilets and fichus worn as extras de toilettes are more elegant than ever. The upright fraises are not nearly so high as formerly worn; the frills turning down round the throat and shoulders are much more becoming. Those made of black-beaded lace are pretty and becoming.

SHAWLS AND BONNETS.

Shawls are again worn *au naturel*, the point in the centre at the back, and the upper part more or less off the shoulders. This style, after being superseded by a variety of more or less cumbersome and patchy ways of draping, so as not to cut the shawl, has been reintroduced by two Royal French princesses, and will be welcomed with avidity by most grandes dames. Bonnets are, as far as shape goes, much the same as last month, but the materials are, of course, much lighter, both in hue and substance. Tulle, gauze, grenadine, crêpe lisse, and lace, being the transparent fabrics, bonnets of these or of straw are very much trimmed with flowers; in fact, hardly any of the original structure is seen. No strings are worn, except by quite elderly ladies, and if there are any floating ends, they are much shorter than formerly. The brims straight at one side, and turned up and lined with colour at the other, are excessively and bien portés; the flowers are placed on the turned-up portion, whether this is at the side or back; for instance, a white tulle bonnet, bound with pale blue, would have a wreath of mysotis round, carried above the brim where turned up, a handsome spray of pale pink rose and buds being placed on the turned-up portion itself. The very greatest and most distinguée novelty are the bonnets made of fine batiste, to match the toilette in colour; they are made in tarlatane also.

(*From the "Queen."*)

THE NEW SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

The establishment of a school of cookery at South Kensington, to which the name "National" has been given, has aroused a great deal of interest in the subject. The school educates two kinds of learners—those who are learning for their own edification, and those who are learning in order that they may become instructors of others. Those who are learning for themselves are either ladies or servants, who wish to improve their knowledge of cooking; and we believe that ladies predominate numerically in the classes which have already been formed. The instruction is very practical; and everyone who wishes to obtain a "certificate of cookery" must learn how to do with her own hands all the work that a cook has to perform. We hope much that the effort may do good, not only to those who can personally afford the time and money to partake of the instruction given at South Kensington, but, what is of far more importance, that the instructors of cookery who are trained there may be welcomed throughout the country when they go out on their new economical mission. It will have to be remembered, however, that when poor women and girls come to be instructed in such plain cooking as is suitable to them the homes in which the cooking is to be carried on will have to be considered. Not only so, but the instruction must needs be adapted to such cooking utensils and such grates as the people have at their command; and last, but by no means least, it will have to be borne in mind that their prejudices with regard to food are of long growth, and cannot be eradicated at once. We can well imagine that an injudicious course of lectures on cookery might rouse up such feelings of opposition as would perfectly neutralise any expected good results. A display of elaborate cooking apparatus would necessarily produce a feeling that, without such means, nothing could be undertaken; while a too emphatic praise of soups and a frequent reference to French cookery might provoke contemptuous comparisons not favourable to "our lively neighbours." "I hate the French, because they eat frogs and wear wooden shoes," is not yet an entirely exploded sentiment; and, in the minds of those whom it was formerly the fashion to call "the vulgar," the eating of soup seems to have as unavoidable corollary the fact that three Frenchmen can be beaten by one average Englishman. Of course to educated people such things seem a matter of prejudice, although we have known English people to whom the sight of a substantial English dinner was not altogether unwelcome after a prolonged course of what used to be called "kickshaws."

(*From the "Young Englishwoman."*)

CHAUSSURES.

The fashionable chaussures of the season are Louis Quinze shoes of black grosgrains, embroidered with bouquets of field flowers, violets, roses, forget-me-nots, or buttercups. The Louis Quinze sabot is charming for the garden and the country. It is a most fanciful sabot, not in the least resembling the wooden shoe which bears that name; it is as elegant as possible, and trimmed with bows à la Paysanne, in most dainty fashion. With light summer toilets, Louis Quinze shoes of coloured kid or grosgrains look much prettier than the bottine. For bridal toilets it is made of white grosgrains, with a spray of orange flowers in the centre of a rosette of white lace and ribbon. The Molière Soulier is a sort of demi-bottine, and is suitable for an out-of-door shoe; it is cut sufficiently low, however, to show the dainty-coloured silk or open-work stocking. Buff shoes will be very fashionable for the sea-side season; they can be worn with all écru and fond blanc toilets. This fashion of shoes instead of boots is quite a revolution in female toilets; it gives a new importance to neat, tasteful hose.

The Hangman's Craig.—An Edinburgh hangman, who flourished about the time of Charles II., was a reduced gentleman, the last of a respectable family who had possessed an estate in the neighbourhood of Melrose. He had been a profligate in early life, squandered the whole of his patrimony, and at length, for the sake of subsistence, was compelled to accept the wretched office, which in those days must have been unusually obnoxious to popular odium, on account of the frequent executions of innocent and religious men. Notwithstanding his extreme degradation, this unhappy reprobate could not altogether forget his original station, and his former tastes and habits. He would occasionally resume the garb of a gentleman, and mingle in the parties of citizens who played at golf in the evenings on Bruntsfield Links. Being at length recognised, he was chased from the ground with shouts of execration and loathing, which affected him so much that he retired to the solitude of the King's-park, and was next day found dead at the bottom of a precipice, over which he appeared to have thrown himself in his despair. This rock was afterwards called the *Hangman's Craig.*—*Book of Scottish Anecdote.*

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

HARDY FLOWERS.

Hardy annuals, if coming up too thickly, will require thinning, and perennials sown in the open border should likewise receive attention in this way, taking care in the case of choice kinds to re-plant the thinnings. Specimens of herbaceous plants in pots should not be allowed to suffer from want of water, and they should receive attention in the way of staking and removing dead blooms. Any seeds of perennials unsown should now be either sown in pots or in the open ground. See to the staking of border plants, and, if desirable, in particular cases, to form perfect specimens, this is best attained by judicious thinning—a remark specially applicable to such plants as helianthus rigidus and orgalis, some delphiniums, asters, achilleas, tanacetum crispum, &c. Many perennials used for spring-bedding, such as myosotis dissitiflora, cheiranthuses, daisies, primroses and pansies, will now have to be removed to make room for the summer occupants of the beds; and in doing so the stock should, if necessary, be increased by dividing the tufts, while of such plants as the iberises, double wallflowers, alyssum spinosum and sexatile cuttings should be inserted in sandy soil on a north border, and, if comeatable, they may be covered with a handlight, to facilitate rooting. The most attractive plants in bloom during the past week have been the Oriental poppy, the large scarlet blooms of which are highly conspicuous, various kinds of iris, notably the dwarf I. cristata, of which I have seen fine specimens blooming profusely both on a warm border and in pots. The white blooms of the Florentine iris are also just now conspicuous in most gardens, and so are the scarlet flowers of geum chiloense; czackia liliastrum is also producing its delicate white blooms somewhat freely; Jacob's ladder (polemonium cæruleum), and its varieties, are likewise at present nicely in flower; and I noticed a dististinct dwarf species, called polemonium humile, with lilac-blue flowers, which promises to be a useful plant for rock-work or front margins of mixed borders. A very pretty dwarf hardy bulb, called hyacinthus amethystinus, is just now in perfection. The fine and continuous-blooming erodium manescavi, is also in flower, but this, like many other plants, is not blooming so freely this season as usual.—*The Garden.*

WHEN TO PROPAGATE EARLY-FLOWERING PELARGONIUMS.

The early-flowering pelargoniums of the show class are usually propagated much too late in the season to ensure satisfactory results, and a few words from an old grower like myself will probably prove of some service. Striking cuttings of the ordinary show and fancy varieties in July is right enough, because they are not wanted in bloom until May or June, but, as the others are required in bloom much earlier, they must have sufficient time afforded them for making their growth soon enough for it to become well matured before the winter. As a rule, I commence striking the cuttings in April, and select moderately firm shoots. If the shoots are of sufficient size, we cut them up into lengths of two joints each, taking care to have a small growing point at the topmost joint. They are then inserted round the side of the cutting pots, and the pots placed upon a hotbed. They will do very well without the assistance of bottom heat, but they strike much quicker, and, as a rule, it is the best way to pass the cuttings through your hands as quickly as possible. Directly the roots begin to show themselves round the side of the pot, they can be potted off into three-inch pots and placed in a frame and kept rather close for a week or so, to help them to become established; for there is nothing like pushing them on vigorously at this stage. Although it is not good practice to pot them off before they are furnished with sufficient roots to hold the ball of soil together, they must not become pot-bound at this stage. Therefore shift as soon as it becomes necessary into six-inch pots and place them out of doors partly plunged in a bed of coal-ashes. It is not desirable to plunge to the rim, because the warmth from the sun is of great assistance in promoting the production of firm, short-jointed wood. They require stopping twice; the first time when in the small pots, and the second after they are thoroughly established in the pots in which they are to bloom. The first stopping consists simply in pinching out the point of the young plant. In some cases this will suffice, for if three or four shoots are produced as the result of the stopping no more pinching will be required. Towards the end of August, take them to a light, airy greenhouse or pit, and keep them rather drier at the root, but not dry enough for the plants to suffer. For these, as for the later flowering varieties, nothing could be better than a mixture of turfy loam, leaf-mould, thoroughly-decayed manure, and silver-sand. — *Gardener's Magazine.*

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

The advantages to be derived from a frequent stirring or aëration of the soil cannot be overrated. The hoe at this season is the most useful implement in the garden; its frequent use not only renders watering less necessary in dry weather, but destroys, almost in the germ, the annual weeds which are always ready to spring into active growth, and which, if neglected even for a short time, give so much trouble to eradicate. Vegetable seeds of all kinds have never germinated better than they have done this season; and, as a consequence, it is more than usually necessary that thinning should be timely attended to. I believe, however, that it is a mistake to thin out any crop all at once; for, in our changeable climate, singling out plants that have previously stood thickly is calculated to give too great a check to the growth. Root crops, such as carrots and parsnips, should have their drills hoed through at short intervals, leaving the plants standing in little patches. The final singling is best done in showery weather, or just before rain is expected, so as to settle the young plants that are left for a crop in their position. As a rule, medium-sized roots are more esteemed, in private establishments, than large coarse ones; therefore, severe thinning is hardly necessary, unless very large roots are required for some special purpose. About 6 inches in the row may be taken as giving a fair space for development in the case of carrots, chicory, salsafy, and scorzonera; 8 inches for parsnips, beet, and turnips; and 4 inches for onions (I am assuming that in no case are the drills less than a foot apart); whilst carrots and parsnips should have 15 inches. A good sowing of Walcheren and Veitch's autumn giant cauliflower should now be made without delay, if not already done, for autumn use. If the land is very dry, the drills may be soaked with water before sowing the seeds, and then covered with light, rich soil. Having a somewhat difficult soil to manage, I have for years made up, in the winter, a heap of compost in which burnt earth largely predominates, for the purpose of covering small seeds; and so satisfied am I of its advantages, that I intend never again to be without it. The young plants are more vigorous, and less liable to be attacked by the fly. Basil, sweet marjoram, and summer savory, that have been sown in boxes, if well hardened off, should now be planted out, on a warm border, six inches apart. There is always a large demand for these herbs; therefore, it is important that early attention should be given to them. Chervil, also, is much in request. A little sown once a fortnight for the next few weeks, on a north border, will make sure of a supply.—*The Garden.*

Nick-Nacks.

When the brave Prince de Condé was told that his enemies called him a deformity, he replied, "How do they know that? My enemies never yet saw my back!"

An author selected as the title of a new romance, "Wrecked in Port." His publisher looked sharply at the author's red nose, and muttered, "Yes, either Port or Burgundy."

In an advertisement by a railroad company of unclaimed goods, the letter "l" dropped from the word lawful, and so the advertisement appropriately reads, "People to whom these packages are directed are notified to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

"Ah, ladies," said an old *bon vivant*, as he opened a bottle of wine, "what is more delightful than the popping of a champagne cork?" "The popping of the question!" unanimously cried the ladies.

A little four-year-old beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see how busy I am baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for *you!*"

"John, did you go round and ask how old Mrs. Jones is this morning, as I told you to do last night?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what's the result?" "She said that, seeing as how you'd had the impudence to send to ask how old she was, she'd no objection to telling you that she's seventy-four."

Remember that a raw egg will clear your throat of fish bones. Put one in a little hot wine, add some sugar, and the fish bones will slip down all the easier. P. S.—You can take the egg, wine, and sugar, anyhow. They're good as a preventive; and you don't know what moment you may get a fish bone in your throat.

An old farmer, noted for his eccentricities, had a hired man who somewhat resembled himself, and whose vagaries exhibited themselves in ways most marked and unexpected. Going to his barn, one winter morning, the farmer found his man had been before him, and had taken a halter and hung himself to a large beam, and was already lifeless. Surveying the spectacle for a moment, the old man burst out: "Wall! I wonder what on airth that critter will do next!"

"See here," said a doorkeeper of the United States Senate Chamber to a crazy man who had got into the Ladies' Gallery; "don't you know that this is no place for you?" "That's so," gravely replied the lunatic; and then, pointing to the Senators below, he added, "My place is down there among those fellows!"

Almost the only story of Lord Braxfield I ever heard that had some fun in it without immodesty, was when a butler of his gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."—*Cockburn.*

When Macklin's *True-born Irishman* was being rehearsed, he was dissatisfied with the style of a particular actor, and stepping up to him asked in an angry tone, "What trade are you, sir?" The other answered, "I am a gentleman, sir!" "Then," said the other, "stick to that, sir, *for you will never be an actor!*"

The following curious specimen of sepulchral literature is said to be copied from an old tombstone in a Scottish churchyard:

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
He was a very extraordinary person;
He was two yards high in his stocking-feet,
And kept his accoutrements very clean and neat;
He was slew
At the Battle of Waterloo;
He was shot by a bullet,
Plump through the gullet;
It went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

—*Book of Scottish Anecdote.*

"I like Wrench," a friend said to Elliston, "because he is the same natural, easy creature *on* the stage that he is *off.*" "My case, exactly," retorted Elliston; "I am the same person *off* the stage that I am *on.*" "The inference, at first sight," says Charles Lamb, who reports or invents the story, seems identical; but examine it a little, and it confesses only that one performer was never, the other always, *acting.*"

"The Irishman in London" was holding forth to some pot-house companions on the amenities of his native country. "It is the cheapest country in the world to live in," said he. "You will buy a fine salmon for sixpence, and a dozen mackerel for twopence." "And, Paddy, why did you leave that blessed and cheap country?" "I left it because I didn't happen to have either the twopence or the sixpence about me."

A small farmer in the shire of Aberdeen had a wife that had been long unwell and confined to bed; but the fellow was of so niggardly a disposition that he grudged the poor woman so much as a light. She, in a pet, one night exclaimed, "Oh! isna this an unco thing, that a poor body 'll no get light to see to dee!" On which the *affectionate* husband rose up, lighted a candle, and placing it at the bed-foot, said harshly to his wife, "There, now, quick and dee now, before the candle gangs oot."

The following impromptu by Dr. Johnson, supposed to be a burlesque imitation of Dr. Percy's style in "The Hermit of Warkworth," is not, perhaps, very generally known:

"Hermit hoar in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray;
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking, sighed
Scarce repressed the starting tear;
When the smiling sage replied—
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer!'"

It will be observed (says Mr. W. A. Clouston, in his "Rambling Remarks on the Author of the Rambler") that Johnson has cleverly introduced in the above *jeu d'esprit* the alliterative style of the old ballads, and the sudden change from the sentimental to the ludicrous will probably remind the reader of the humour of the famous "Bon Gaultier Ballads"—for example:

"You may lay me on my bed, mother,
For my head is throbbing sore;
And, mother, pray take care
That the sheets are aired before.

And if you would have pity
On your poor, desponding child—
Draw me a pot of beer, mother,
And, mother, draw it mild!"

California Joe.

It is usual on the western plains of America, and particularly during the time of active hostilities against the Red Indians, for every detachment of troops to be accompanied by one or more professional scouts or guides. These guides are employed by the Government at a rate of compensation far in excess of that paid to the soldiers, some of the most experienced receiving pay about equal to that of a subaltern in the line. They constitute a most interesting as well as useful and necessary portion of our frontier population. Who they are, whence they come, or whither they go, their names even, except such as they choose to adopt or which may be given them, are all questions which none but themselves can answer. When I joined the command I found quite a number of these scouts attached to various portions of the cavalry, but each acting separately. For the purposes of organisation it was deemed best to unite them into a separate detachment under command of one of their own number. Being unacquainted personally with the merits or demerits of any of them, the selection of a chief had necessarily to be made somewhat at random.

There was one among their number whose appearance would have attracted the notice of any casual observer. He was a man about forty years of age, perhaps older, over six feet in height, and possessing a well-proportioned frame. His head was covered with a luxuriant crop of long, almost black hair, strongly inclined to curl, and so long as to fall carelessly over his shoulders. His face, at least so much of it as was not concealed by the long, waving brown beard and moustache, was full of intelligence, and pleasant to look upon. His eye was undoubtedly handsome, black and lustrous, with an expression of kindness and mildness combined. On his head was generally to be seen, whether asleep or awake, a huge sombrero or black slouch hat. A soldier's overcoat, with its large circular cape, a pair of trousers with the legs tucked in the top of his long boots, usually constituted the outside make-up of the man whom I selected as chief scout. He was known by the euphonious title of "California Joe;" no other name seemed ever to have been given him, and no other name ever seemed necessary. His military armament consisted of a long breech-loading Springfield musket, from which he was inseparable, and a revolver and hunting-knife, both the latter being carried in his waist-belt. His mount completed his equipment for the field, being instead of a horse a finely-formed mule, in whose speed and endurance he had every confidence.

California Joe was an inveterate smoker, and was rarely seen without his stubby, dingy-looking brierwood pipe in full blast. The endurance of his smoking powers was only surpassed by his loquacity. His pipe frequently became exhausted and required refilling, but California Joe seemed never to lack for material or disposition to carry on a conversation, principally composed of personal adventures among the Indians, episodes in mining life, or experience in overland journeying before the days of steam engines and palace cars rendered a trip across the plains a comparatively uneventful one. It was evident, from the scraps of information volunteered from time to time, that there was but little of the Western country, from the Pacific to the Missouri river, with which California Joe was not intimately acquainted. He had lived in Oregon years before, and had become acquainted from time to time with most of the officers who had served on the plains or on the Pacific coast.

I once inquired of him if he had ever seen General Sheridan? "What, Gineral Shuridun? Why, bless my soul, I knowed Shuridun way up in Oregon more'n fifteen years ago, an' he wuz only a second lootenant uv infantry. He wuz quartermaster of the foot or something uv that sort, an' I hed the contract uv furnishin' wood to the post, and, would ye b'leve it? I hed a kind of a sneakin' notion then that he'd hurt somebody ef they'd ever turn him loose. Lord, but ain't he old lightnin'?" This was the man whom upon a short acquaintance I decided to appoint as chief of the scouts. This thrust of professional greatness, as the sequel will prove, was more than California Joe aspired to, or, considering some of his undeveloped traits, was equal to; but I am anticipating.

As the four detachments were to move as soon as it was dark, it was desirable that the scouts should be at once organised and assigned. So, sending for California Joe, I informed him of his promotion and what was expected of him and his men. After this official portion of the interview had been completed, it seemed proper to Joe's mind that a more intimate acquaintance between us should be cultivated, as we had never met before.

His first interrogatory, addressed to me in furtherance of this idea, was frankly put as follows: "See hyar, gineral, in order that we hev no misonderstandin', I'd jest like to ask ye a few questions."

Seeing that I had somewhat of a character to deal with, I signified my perfect willingness to be interviewed by him.

"Are you an ambulance man, or a hoss man?"

Pretending not to discover his meaning, I requested him to explain.

"I mean do you b'leve in catchin' Injuns in ambulances, or on hossback?"

Still assuming ignorance, I replied, "Well, Joe, I believe in catching Indians wherever we can find them, whether they are found in ambulances or on horseback."

This did not satisfy him. "That ain't what I'm drivin' at. S'pose you're after Injuns and really want to hev a tussle with 'em, would ye start after 'em on hossback, or would ye climb into an ambulance and be haulded after 'em? That's the pint I'm headin' fur."

I answered that "I would prefer the method on horseback provided I really desired to catch the Indians; but if I wished them to catch me, I would adopt the ambulance system of attack."

This reply seemed to give him complete satisfaction. "You've hit the nail squar on the hed. I've bin with 'em on the plains whar they started out after the Injuns on wheels, jist as ef they war goin' to a town funeral in the States, an' they stood 'bout as many chances uv catchin' Injuns as a six-mule team wud uv catchin' a pack of thievin' Ki-o-tees, jist as much. Why that sort uv work is only fun fur the Injuns; they don't want anything better. Ye ort to've seen how they peppered it to us, an' we a doin' nuthin' a' the time. Sum uv 'em wuz 'fraid the mules war goin' to stampede and run off with the train an' all our forage and grub, but that wuz impossible; fur besides the big loads uv corn an' bacon an' baggage the wagons hed in them, thar war from eight to a dozen infantry men piled into them besides. Ye ort to hev heard the quartermaster in charge uv the train tryin' to drive the infantry men out of the wagons and git them into the fight. I 'spect he wuz an Irishman by his talk, fur he sed to them, 'Git out uv thim wagons, git out uv thim wagons; yez'll hev me tried for disobadience uv ordhers fur marchin' tin min in a wagon whin I've ordhers but fur ait!'"

How long I might have been detained listening to California Joe's recital of incidents of first campaigns, sandwiched here and there by his peculiar but generally correct ideas of how to conduct an Indian campaign properly, I do not know; time was limited, and I had to remind him of the fact to induce him to shorten the conversation. It was only deferred, however, as on every occasion thereafter California Joe would take his place at the head of the column on the march, and his nearest companion was made the receptacle of a fresh instalment of Joe's facts and opinions. His career as "chief scout" was of the briefest nature. Everything being in readiness, the four scouting columns, the men having removed their sabres to prevent clanging and detection, quietly moved out of camp as soon as it was sufficiently dark, and set out in different directions. California Joe accompanied that detachment whose prospects seemed best of encountering the Indians.

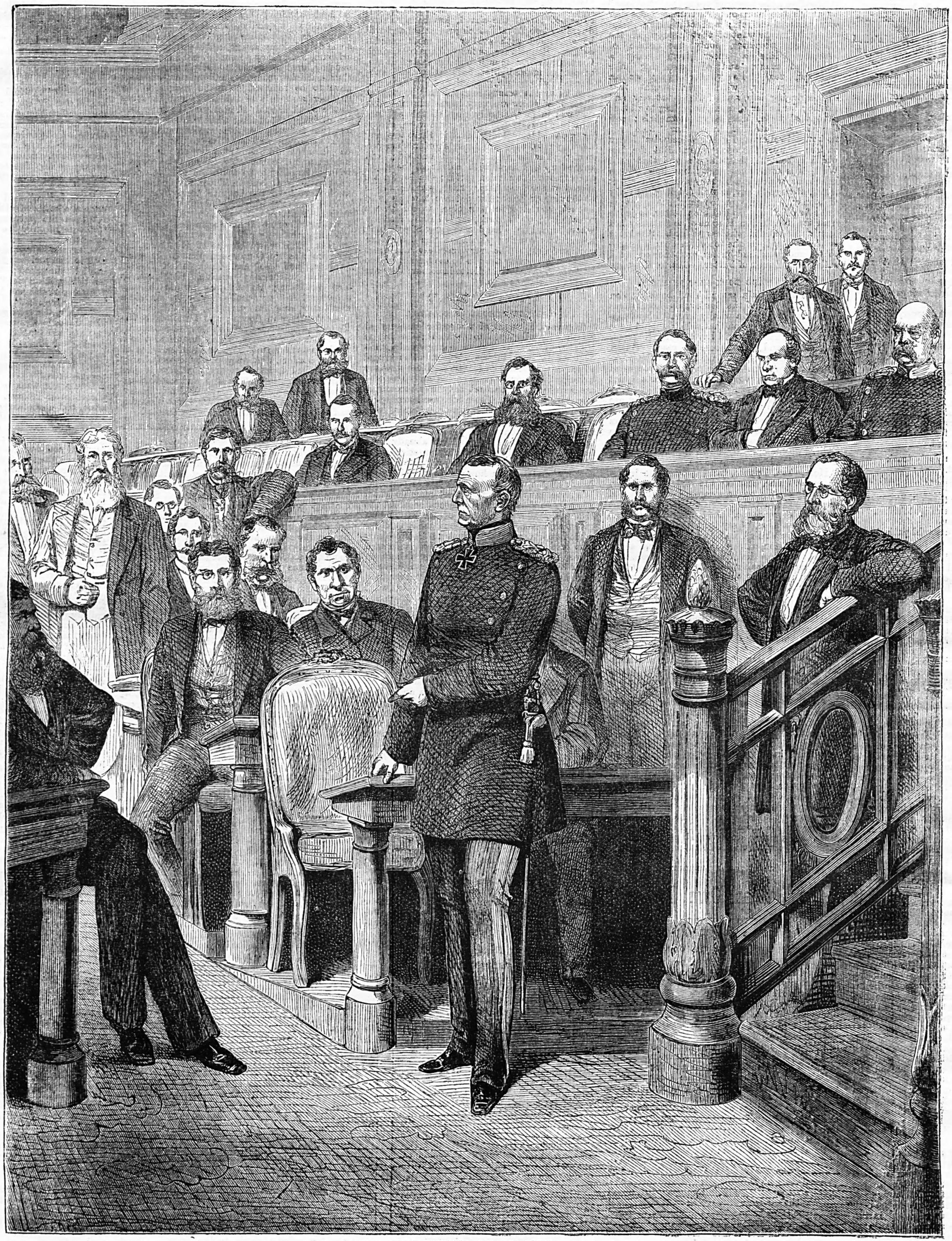
The night was passing away uninterrupted by any such event, and but a few hours more intervened before daylight would make its appearance. The troops had been marching constantly since leaving camp; some were almost asleep in their saddles when the column was halted, and word was passed along from man to man that the advance guard had discovered signs indicating the existence of Indians near at hand. Nothing more was necessary to dispel all sensations of sleep, and to place every member of the command on the alert.

But where was California Joe all this time? Why was he not at the front, where his services would be most likely to be in demand?

Search was quietly made for him all along both flanks of the column, but on careful inquiry it seemed that he had not been seen for some hours, and then at a point many miles from that at which the halt had been ordered. This was somewhat remarkable, and admitted of no explanation—unless, perhaps, California Joe had fallen asleep during the march and been carried away from the column; but this theory gained no supporters. His absence at this particular time, when his advice and services might prove so invaluable, was regarded as most unfortunate.

However, the party to approach the Indian camp was being selected when a rifle shot broke upon the stillness of the scene, sounding in the direction of the mysterious appearance which had first attracted the attention of the advanced troopers. Another moment, and the most powerful yells and screams rose in the same direction, as if a terrible conflict was taking place. Every carbine was advanced ready for action, each trigger was carefully sought, no one as yet being able to divine the cause of this sudden outcry, when in a moment who should come charging wildly up to the column, now dimly visible by the first rays of the moon, but California Joe, shouting and striking wildly to the right and left as if beset by a whole tribe of warriors. Here, then, was the solution of the mystery. Not then, but in a few hours, everything was rendered clear. Among the other traits or peculiarities of his character, California Joe numbered an uncontrollable fondness for strong drink; it was his one great weakness—a weakness to which he could only be kept from yielding by keeping all intoxicating drink beyond his reach. It seemed, from an after development of the affair, that the sudden elevation of California Joe, unsought and unexpected as it was, to the position of chief scout, was rather too much good fortune to be borne by him in a quiet or undemonstrative manner. Such a profusion of greatness had not been thrust upon him so often as to render him secure from being affected by his preferment. At any rate, he deemed the event deserving of celebration—professional duties to the contrary notwithstanding—and before proceeding on the night expedition had filled his canteen with a bountiful supply of the worst brand of whisky, such as is only attainable on the frontier. He, perhaps, did not intend to indulge to that extent which might disable him from properly performing his duties; but in this, like many other good men whose appetites are stronger than their resolutions, he failed in his reckoning.

As the liquor which he imbibed from time to time after leaving camp began to produce the natural or unnatural effect, Joe's independence greatly increased until the only part of the expedition which he recognised as at all important was California Joe. His mule, no longer restrained by his hand, gradually carried him away from the troops, until the latter were left far in the rear. This was the relative position when the halt was ordered. California Joe, having indulged in drink sufficiently for the time being, concluded that the next best thing would be a smoke; nothing would be better to cheer him on his lonely night ride. Filling his ever-present brierwood with tobacco, he next proceeded to strike a light, employing for this purpose a storm or tempest match; it was the bright and flashing colours of this which had so suddenly attracted the attention of the advance guard. No sooner was his pipe lighted than the measure of his happiness was complete, his imagination picturing him to himself, perhaps, as leading in a grand Indian fight. His mule by this time had turned towards the troops, and when California Joe set up his unearthly howls, and began his imaginary charge into an Indian village, he was carried at full speed straight to the column, where his good fortune alone prevented him from receiving a volley before he was recognised as not an Indian. His blood was up, and all efforts to quiet or suppress him proved unavailing, until finally the officer in command was forced to bind him hand and foot, and in this condition secured him on the back of his faithful mule. In this sorry plight the chief scout continued until the return of the troops to camp, when he was transferred to the tender mercies of the guard as a prisoner for misconduct. Thus ended California Joe's career as chief scout.—*General Custer.*]



VON MOLTKE ON HIS FEET.

Photographs of Longfellow.—None of the later photographs of Mr. Longfellow are at all satisfying. They represent a man older by a dozen years than he, with strongly-marked and somewhat harsh physiognomy. His face, on the contrary, possesses mobility, and beams with a benignity the camera has not caught. His complexion is warm, and in agreeable contrast with his hair and beard, both of which are as white as snow and very abundant. He has neither the picturesque wildness of the British laureate, nor the patriachal grandeur of the author of "Thanatopsis," who might, at any time within twenty years, have sat for Elijah, or one of the prophets. Mr. Longfellow's head impressed me like a study from one of the Greek antiques, classic and noble. His manner is frank and winning, without any of that over-powering self-consciousness with which some of our *literati* are hedged about!—*Appleton's Journal.*